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NEW STATESMAN

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Tory Rule from Exile

It is exactly 40 years since Keynes produced his *General Theory*, and half a century since he wrote *The End of Laissez-Faire*. It is also the tenth anniversary of the collapse of the National Plan. The Government's White Paper on public expenditure reads as if the first two had never been written and retains the circumlocutory style of the third. In its sixth paragraph the document speaks glibly of a 'better chance of success as the economy picks up'. The substitution of 'as' for 'if' is significant for a policy paper which says in effect that Britain has no strategy of its own except to wait for Gerald Ford and Helmut Schmidt to inaugurate a fresh boom. Meanwhile, like Philip Snowden before him, the Chancellor has not so much retreated from socialism as written it clean out of the script. Every area of social provision – housing, transport, education and the environment – measures its cuts in hundreds of millions. Nationalised industries and the universities are virtually frozen. The imposition of 'cash limits', a crude control mechanism at the best of times, ignores the relative price effect and the uneven fallout of inflation in favour of a simple application of the wet blanket.

Most ominously of all, there is no real effort to attempt a forecast of the unemployment level, but the slender indicators contained in the White Paper suggest that the Government is planning for a record post-war figure of jobless workers. Even the most optimistic assessment of the position would show 600,000 unemployed as the minimum anticipated total for the turn of the decade. And the general pillaging of the 'social wage' means that even if the boom (for which we pray rather than plan) should ever arrive, it will only be the aspirant middle class who do well out of it. Once again, it has fallen to a Labour Administration to repair and contain the damage inflicted during Tory stewardship of the economy, and this time reforming priorities have been shelved because of the legacy of the spendthrift Anthony Barber, whose most enduring monument will be Labour's dole-queues stretching into the Eighties.

Indeed, it is hard to decide which is the more depressing – the latest measures themselves or the reason for their being taken. Whether he actually believes them himself or not, Mr Healey has become the prisoner of a set of reactionary and self-verifying platitudes about 'confidence' and 'incentive' with which the better-off have long been accustomed to defend their advantages. He is not the only minister to have succumbed; the Home Secretary apparently believes that we are only two percentage points of public spending away from goulash communism, but Mr Healey's surrender is the most important and crushing one. Future economic pundits will have to exercise themselves to discover just how and when it was that a Labour Chancellor fell victim to the bewitching ideas of neo-monetarism, a method of analysis which itself has turned out better at explaining what did happen than suggesting what will. Mr Healey has let them decide what *ought* to happen, and in so doing has given a gigantic hostage to fortune. Not only has he embraced the economic policy of the Opposition: he has put Labour's credibility in the firing line with it.

Labour's own arguments about the necessity for public expenditure have been allowed to go by default. A sort of guilt complex has settled over the party; almost as if Britain were a nation of profligates instead of the cautious and even stingy society that in reality we inhabit. No other European country of comparable size and structure spends less than we do in the public sector. Yet the backlash of the middle class has been allowed to demolish two Commonwealth Labour governments in the last two months, and make a determined attack on the New Deal consensus in the United States. Australia's vote also showed that there are many workers who see the root of maldistribution in the generosity of the state to alleged scroungers. Since this chorus of small-minded selfishness has arisen here, we must expect the Conservative Party to make the most of it. But it is discouraging in the extreme to see the Government boosting a notional private consumption at the expense of hard-won social programmes. Mr Healey has not merely surrendered the keys; he has handed them over to a government-in-exile.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Totalitarian Hogwash

A spectre is haunting Britain, the spectre of Public Expenditure. All the powers of the Establishment have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this spectre: the Labour Government and the Tory Party, the Chancellor and the Home Secretary, Professor Vaizey and Lord Kahn, the Cambridge buffs and the Myrmidons of Whitehall. Public expenditure is the whipping-boy in the Treasury. Faced with an intractable problem, we do not issue assignats. We chastise public expenditure. And why not? What is it, after all, except the very nub of Labour's traditional programme for socialism. Very well, let us break with tradition. From now on, if there is no growth, we shall blame public expenditure. If there is inflation, if we cannot balance the books, if the confidence of the private sector is dwindling, if there is a hiccup under a silk hat, we shall slash public expenditure. We shall prove ourselves worthy of confidence. We shall prove ourselves worthy, at least, of the confidence of Lord Chalfont.

I assume you read Lord Chalfont's article in Monday's *Times*. You didn't? You should have. It was a fascinating performance, full of those nutritive and suggestive truths which enliven and enrich the barren stretches of the week. Lord Chalfont, who failed recently to convince us that the most serious threat to democracy was being posed by the unprepossessing Mr John Gollan, has discovered a new menace more sinister even than 'international communism and its diligent agents within our own society'. And this menace is none other than the growth of public spending. Taking a lead from Mr Roy Jenkins, Lord Chalfont argues that if public expenditure increases to beyond 60 per cent of the gross national product, we shall pass beyond the values of a plural society and enter 'the fringes of a totalitarian economic and political system'. Now quite what a plural society is, I shall not try to define. Presumably it is the opposite of a singular society. The word totalitarian however has been defined for us by Mr Brian Crozier and Mr Robert Moss. The definition goes like this.

There are two kinds of oppressive regime. In an authoritarian regime, the political process is in the hands of a self-appointed elite; they may shoot you if you dare to oppose their will, but if you acquiesce you will be more or less left alone. I imagine that Franco's Spain would be given as an example of such a society. In a totalitarian regime, on the other hand, politics 'intrudes upon everything' – you cannot escape, you must conform and endorse the ruling ideology. A totalitarian regime denies your right to a private life. It is all in all.

If we are to believe Lord Chalfont, then, the White Paper on public expenditure has probably saved us in the nick of time. If things had gone on, with nil growth and increasing public expenditure, we could imagine a situation something like this. On the day that spending reached 61 per cent of the GNP, loud-speakers would have been set up in Hyde Park and all public places, denouncing Lord Chalfont, Roy Jenkins and the plural society. At the 62-per-cent level, the *Tribune* Group would have stormed Buckingham Palace, Mr Dennis Skinner would have arrived at Fenchurch Street station in a sealed train, the world would have been hanging nervously on the lips of Mr Richard Clements, Mrs Judith Hart would have displayed the unpleasant side of her nature and all the West End theatres would have been showing the Black Mikardo. At 63 per cent, Mr Eric Heffer would have squashed all opposition, Mr Paul would have been rubbed out by Mr Michael Foot, Gaitskell would have become a non-person and the radio would have been blaring out a series of dreary symphonies celebrating the implementation of Clause Four.

Thank God, you might say, for Mr Denis Healey, our ex-communist Chancellor. Well, I beg to differ. The ideologists of these cuts may look on with pleasure as the Labour Party fulfils one of the pledges of the last Tory Manifesto, but nothing is added to the sum of human liberty by the cutting of public spending. Labour will try to give the impression that they are rationalising across the board, without fear or favour. Inevitably, however, it will be the least well-entrenched who suffer most – in education for instance it will be nursery schools and adult education, in local government it will be schemes for the handicapped.

Public expenditure is not a question of simply shovelling money into the organs of the state, where it is mysteriously mislaid. It finances a large number of freedoms: the freedom of the pensioner to live, of the unemployed to survive during the pleasure of the Chancellor, the freedom of health and the opportunity of cheap housing. It is not just wages for the bureaucrat (those inflation-proof pensions on which the world is casting such an envious eye), it is also wages for the sick. There is no substitute for it, certainly not in Mr Jenkins's plural society, and no alternative to it is proposed by those who are in favour of these cuts. Indeed, the idea is to make life less tolerable for the under-privileged, in favour of future investment.

A cruel measure has been proposed by Lord Kahn, whereby a 'reserve army' of unemployed is created – shaken out of the public sector – in anticipation of the recovery of world trade. The problem is, according to his lordship, that we may face a shortage of labour at a time when investment picks up and since the number of jobs in the public sector has risen, it is there that the cuts should come. You may think that this is an odd time to be talking about *creating* reserve armies. As Brian Sedgemore MP, an ex-Treasury civil servant, argues in the dreaded *Tribune* this week, unemployment is not confined to slumps – it has also been a feature of the last booms. As for the slumps, a high level of public expenditure has served in the past to alleviate unemployment. Perhaps it would be better in the future to talk about a standing army of the unemployed, since even on the White Paper forecasts it looks as though a high level of unemployment is to become a permanent feature of our society.

The White Paper, when it is debated in the Commons, will no doubt receive some cautious support from large sections of the House. The ground has been well prepared, and even some of the Left MPs are prepared to tolerate expenditure cuts 'depending on how they are done'. It is not likely, by the way, that Mr Benn will feel obliged to resign. Mr Benn's friends suspect that the rumours to this effect were put around by Number 10. But as one MP put it, the real complaints will come later (and from both sides of the House) as the measures begin to take effect, and it is seen how this and that treasured scheme is going to have to be shelved.

As for the *Tribune* group, it will be interesting to see just how far they are prepared to go to oppose measures which are so directly contrary to their philosophy. When some members were threatening to vote against the Government earlier this week, in protest at the continued imprisonment of Mr Des Warren, they were told by Mr Heffer to save their fire, and fight when they really meant it. In Mr Heffer's view, it is ridiculous to lay yourself on the line when there is nothing commensurate to be gained. But he does not rule out the possibility that such an occasion could arise. It is ridiculous to pretend that the White Paper represents a virtuous defence of social democracy as we know it. It can be argued that it is an unfortunate necessity. But the *Tribune* group does not believe this. Mr Sedgemore believes that it marks the end of the socialist dream 'for this Parliament at least'. He believes that the Labour movement should oppose it as a whole, and 'act accordingly'.

Act now?

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Stanley Uys

Moscow's African Coup

The West's intervention in Angola will rank not merely as another neo-colonial error of judgment but as one of those mind-blowing blunders that are inscribed forever in the history books to be read by future generations with awe and disbelief. It changed the situation in Southern Africa almost overnight from relative calm to potentially spreading conflict. It is no exaggeration to say that Angola marks the beginning of the battle for Southern Africa; and it finds the West floundering and unprepared, dismally watching the approach of a situation with which it senses it will not be able to cope.

Everybody knows why South Africa went into Angola. It went in because it was invited by Unita's leader, Dr Jonas Savimbi – an invitation that was underwritten apparently by Presidents Mobutu of Zaïre, Kaunda of Zambia and Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast. Then there was the mysterious American connection: not only shadowy CIA men in the field, but President Ford and Dr Kissinger in Washington, ready to send vast supplies of arms to the FNLA and Unita and to sanction South Africa's entry into Angola, even if only covertly.

It is understandable that all this went to South Africa's head. South Africa has always wanted to be loved, but to be loved so suddenly, and with such insistence, was more than it could resist. It threw the caution of détente to the wind and plunged into Angola. Also, the importuning by Savimbi came after a euphoric year of détente in which South Africa had made unheard of contacts with black heads of state. Whole new vistas seemed to be opening up. South Africa, of course, should have exercised an independent judgment and rejected the temptation to send its army on to foreign soil; but by the time it realised what it was doing the damage had been done. According to Savimbi, South Africa tried twice to get out of Angola, but on each occasion he managed to persuade it to stay in just a little longer. Eventually the South Africans could contain their disenchantment with America's defection no longer, and they simply packed their bags and left.

America's role in Angola, in its own way, was no less ill-judged. Kissinger saw his policy of intervention collapse in ruins when Congress cut off further funds for the FNLA and Unita. There is a profound dilemma in the American experience in Angola: America feels it is entitled to intervene to check Russian expansionism, but the dice are loaded against it from the start; it does not have a record of supporting liberation struggles, its intervention in Vietnam is still fresh in Africa's memory, and it is identified with the West and its imperial past. From the beginning, Russia had the US over a barrel in Angola. It was probably the harshest lesson in African *realpolitik* the West has ever learnt.

It is not only South Africa, therefore, but also the West that will pay the price of intervention in Angola, because the West was hoping that through détente Southern Africa would find an evolutionary, not a revolutionary, solution of its race problems. Now, if no evolutionary solution is possible, the West will not escape involvement. Will it be torn again between its economic and political ties with a powerful white nation and a desire to stay on the winning side in black Africa?

By intervening in Angola, South Africa dissipated most of the credit it had earned by its earlier impeccable neutrality towards Mozambique in that country's troubled hour of independence. It also undermined the foundation of its own policy of non-interference in its neighbours' affairs – a policy on which it stakes its own survival. Further, intervention created a climate of opinion in which Rhodesian whites became increasingly alarmed and dug in their heels deeper against a settlement. Intervention, too, provoked South African blacks to choose sides

'Mr Smith, I presume!'

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– and many chose the MPLA. A survey of black opinion on Angola has brought to light agreement that South Africa has 'a fifth column of unknown extent' in its black population. The Zulu leader Chief Buthelezi said: 'My people are bitter. Many may not care if war comes here. Many hope for it.'

It is difficult to find a single item on the credit side of South Africa's intervention in Angola. The image of peace that Mr Vorster's government was projecting has been replaced by an image of warlikeness; and this has been compounded by the amendment to the Defence Act, which makes military service anywhere in the world compulsory. Meanwhile the success of the MPLA, contrasted with the support given to the FNLA and Unita by Zambia and Zaïre, has undermined the authority of the leaders of those countries, President Kaunda and President Mobutu. And détente without Kaunda will be like *Hamlet* without the Prince. At the start of détente, too, President Nyerere of Tanzania and President Machel of Mozambique were tacit partners, at least; now they are being vociferously anti-South African again. South Africa's intervention too – in the context of African politics – not only maximised Russian and Cuban intervention but legitimised it.

No matter how one looks at the Angolan débâcle two facts stand out: that the scene has been set now for an escalation of armed struggle in Southern Africa, and that Russia has scored something of a coup in positioning itself advantageously for this struggle. Certainly in black eyes it has emerged as a much more reliable ally than the West. In Rhodesia, Mr Smith, exploiting the alarm caused among whites by the defeat of the West in Angola, appears to be on the point of wrecking the settlement talks once again; and, in preparation for this, black guerrillas are massing in Mozambique – but this time with substantial Russian support.

By some topsyturvy reasoning official circles in South Africa believe that the 22-22 vote at the OAU meeting on Angola was a victory for the West, and that now the anti-MPLA black states, the West and South Africa itself can form a cosy, anti-communist alliance. The truth is different: the 'anti-MPLA' states are falling over themselves to scramble on to the MPLA bandwaggon. It would have been far wiser not to split Africa into two groups, with the West among the losers and Russia among the winners.

If Rhodesia has become an instant trouble spot, Namibia (South West Africa) is the other. The Angolan adventure could not have come at a worst moment for Mr Vorster's government, now manoeuvring against time to secure the consent of Namibia's various 'ethnic' groups for a new constitution, while SWAPO guerrillas, taking advantage of the unsettled conditions in Southern Angola, are raiding deep into Ovamboland, taking a mounting toll of casualties. South Africa's position has been made more vulnerable too by its use of Namibia as a military base, in direct contravention of the mandate. In this new situation the Western powers will find it increasingly difficult to veto any militant proposals that may be lodged in the Security Council against South Africa's continued presence in Namibia.

At the time of writing, South African troops are still encamped in southern Angola, protecting what South Africa calls its 'interests' – the Ruacana dam scheme, the refugee camps and the border against SWAPO guerrillas. South Africa is busy negotiating to get out of Angola (the second withdrawal), but everything depends on the MPLA.

If the MPLA is conciliatory, a relatively painless withdrawal is possible; but there is also the chance that the MPLA, with its Russian backers and Cuban troops, may decide to engage South African troops in combat, even if only in symbolic skirmishes, to make it manifest to the world that Mr Vorster has an armed presence on Angolan soil and that he is encroaching on Angolan sovereignty. All this would be happening on Namibia's sensitive border.

There is naught for the West's comfort on the Southern Africa scene today. The war clouds are gathering, and South Africa can roll them back only if it procures an immediate settlement in Rhodesia and gives hasty independence to Namibia. But is this kind of shortened time-scale within South Africa's capabilities? And even if Rhodesia and Namibia can be removed from the arena of struggle, there is still South Africa itself, with its tenacious race policies. Can détente arise, phoenix-like, from these ashes?

Cape Town

Mary Holland

Dr Paisley's Ulster

'True Loyalists will never share power with Maynooth, Dublin or Rome. So, wise up John!' Thus the Reverend Ian Paisley's *Protestant Telegraph* advises John Taylor, one of the younger heavyweights in the Official Unionist Party, whom it suspects of backsliding on the question of sharing power with the Catholic Social Democratic and Labour Party. The article is as good a gloss as any on the breakdown of Mr Merlyn Rees's doomed Convention, and with it the ignominious end of yet another phase of British policy in Northern Ireland.

Not even his worst enemies could describe John Taylor as a moderate. Talking of the SDLP, which has been at considerable pains during the weeks of the Convention's recall to try to reassure Protestants that any change in the constitutional status of Northern Ireland could only come about with the consent of the majority, Mr Taylor opined that he could see no difference between them and the Provisional IRA. Certainly he has no intention of sharing seats in any cabinet of which he is a member with what he describes, in a phrase designed to raise the tribal emotions of his Protestant audiences, as 'anti-partitionist'.

But Mr Taylor has been exercised of late about the position of his own Official Unionist Party as one of three groups within the United Ulster Unionist Coalition, which is increasingly dominated by the Reverend Ian Paisley. He has even gone so far as to suggest that the Official Unionist Party should break away from the others. Hence the wrath of the *Protestant Telegraph* and the public branding of Mr Taylor as a 'moderate'.

It needs only a cursory look at the voting figures to see what Mr Taylor is worried about. When the present troubles started in 1968 the Official Unionist Party had ruled Northern Ireland without any significant challenge to its hegemony for 50 years. Through its alliance with the 100,000-strong Orange Order it had become the kind of political machine (the Democratic Party in the US is another) which the Irish have traditionally excelled in creating. In the old Stormont Parliament it held 37 out o the 52 seats and gathered in 47 per cen of the total vote in the province. By the time the Convention elections were held last year its share of the vote had dwindled to 25.4 per cent and it had only 19 seat out of the enlarged 78-seat Convention. B contrast, Dr Paisley, who first entere politics in 1970, now controls 12 seats in th Convention. His Democratic Unionist Part got 14 per cent of the vote, a dramati electoral rise for a man who was initiall dismissed as a maverick extremist, good o the streets but unlikely to command an following at the ballot box.

The third party in the UUUC is the rum of Mr Craig's Vanguard Party, those wh refused to follow him into the wilderne after his expulsion from the coalition la year, under a new name and a new leade Ernest Baird. To all intents and purpos this new group is indistinguishable from I Paisley's party, though Mr Baird, a shar suited chemist given to unnervingly jerk movements on the platform, is trying ha to establish himself by outdoing Dr Paisl in his polemics against the Roman Catho Church. He still has a long way to go to g within shouting distance of the big man

The fact that Dr Paisley now dominat Ulster Protestant politics is something whi many Unionists, particularly those with the Official Unionist Party, view with m giving. Not only has he broken the aut ority of a political machine lovingly nu tured over half a century. Many of the also mistrust his demagogic style, which alien to their view of themselves. But f of them have any idea what to do about No one in Ulster today wants to risk ev the limited opprobrium heaped on Jo Taylor, let alone the isolation surround William Craig.

Yet Mr Craig is almost certainly corr when he claims that most Protestants wo welcome some accommodation with Rom Catholics which might bring the hope peace and the beginning of a return politics in the province. From the d of Terence O'Neill they have been will

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to consider any such initiative. But they are trapped in a situation in which it is impossible to translate such vague options as 'peace' and 'partnership' into political reality. And, as the Convention breaks down with no sign of any British Government policy, hopeful or otherwise, to replace it, as the political vacuum augurs yet another more fearful outbreak of IRA violence, the certainties of Dr Paisley's fundamental Protestant faith at least provide something solid to which to cling.

For the evidence of that faith is clearly visible in Dr Paisley's politics. Of the 12 Convention members whom he controls with a firm hand, all but one are members of his Free Presbyterian Church. As such, they hold the firm conviction that their duty is to preserve Ulster as the last bastion of fundamental Protestantism in the British Isles. As believers they are opposed alike to the sinister ecumenism of the Anglican Church and to the Romanism taught at Maynooth, the seminary for Catholic priests in the Irish Republic. Dr Paisley's followers will certainly brook no political arrangements which will enhance the position of Catholics.

It is salutary to spell out Dr Paisley's position because already one begins to hear the weary suggestion that it is time the British Government 'faced up to reality', 'admitted where power lies' and 'did a deal with the Protestants'. The long-rumoured departure of Mr Rees, it is indicated, might make this process of facing up to reality easier. The new man would not, after all, be heir to Mr Rees's policies which, well-meaning though they may have been, have hardly been a notable success. The argument is not confined to this side of the Irish Sea. The most spectacular convert to the cause of recognising reality, at least for other people, has been Jack Lynch, the leader of the Fianna Fail Opposition in Dublin. Last weekend, at his party's annual conference, Mr Lynch declared that it was time the SDLP dropped their demands for power-sharing at government level and began to explore other possibilities, in other words 'do a deal with the Protestants'. But effecting any such deal is not now a question of negotiating with the reasonable Brian Faulkner, or the pragmatic William Craig. Any deal would have to be done with that passionately evangelical Protestant Ian Paisley. The results are all too predictable. Any deal with Dr Paisley which fell short of power-sharing for Catholics would probably destroy the SDLP, driving its followers into the arms of the Provos.

On television recently Merlyn Rees attacked Jack Lynch for his ignorance of the realities of political life in Northern Ireland. The Fianna Fail leader, all Republican outrage, replied along the lines that he didn't need any Englishman to teach him about Irish politics, North or South. It is probably true that in urging the SDLP to give up on power-sharing he is simply saying what many people in Southern Ireland would like to happen — any solution which would make the Northern crisis go away. But it won't happen like that, as Mr Rees, at least, well knows. One must hope that his successor will be firmly briefed in Belfast not to take too much notice of the politics of Dublin.

Alexander Cockburn

Reagan Makes the Running

Next Tuesday the first really significant expression of popular political sentiment in this presidential election year takes place in New Hampshire. The Republican primary there will provide a clear test of Ronald Reagan's potency as a threat to President Ford's renomination in the convention next August. The Democratic primary will help to resolve the even murkier question of whether a front-running Democrat can yet be discerned, breaking triumphantly free from the pack. Beyond these specific functions both primaries will help clarify the fundamental problem, as yet unanswered: namely what issues will mostly be preoccupying the minds of those New Hampshire voters who actually bother to enter the polling booths.

To ease the tension, I should say straight away that pollsters presently state that Reagan is running neck and neck with Ford; furthermore that no certain Democratic winner can be discerned. But it is with regard to the last of these questions – the matter of issues – that the importance of Ronald Reagan should not be underestimated.

No one can go into New Hampshire without realising that whether he wins or not Reagan is the politician who is most starkly advancing the ideas and framing the debate for this political season. He represents the most polished expression of political notions that have been voiced with varying degrees of eccentricity over the last ten years or so – by Barry Goldwater, by George Wallace and, of course, most significantly by Richard Nixon. But the crankiness of Goldwater, the red-neck implausibility of Wallace and the unctuous crookery of Nixon are all subsumed and palatably reborn in the smooth, vigorous style of the old Hollywood actor.

Reagan's bid in New Hampshire is no ramshackle right-wing crusade, fuelled only by zealotry. I formed part of a press party of about 70 following him through one day's campaigning last week round the southern part of the state. Flawless logistics propelled us, the candidate, his aides and enormous numbers of secret service men from town hall to town hall. And his act was flawless too. The chosen mode was that of 'Citizens' Press Conferences'. With the journalists coralled off to one side, locals would follow Reagan's invariably brief prefatory oration with succinct questions, about unemployment, about détente, about welfare chisellers, about tax reform, about crime and so forth.

With brisk homilies and generally tranquil demeanour, Reagan staked out his positions: that inflation is the root cause of the country's problems, and that it is kindled solely by the excesses of the Federal bureaucracy in Washington; that power needs to be returned from Washington to the states and localities; that – and here his face disarmingly crinkles beneath its glossy pompadour of hair – 'there is only one bussing programme I'd like to see instituted: periodically bus all those people from Washington out into the rest of the country and let them meet the real people'. He is, needless to say, for a strong defence budget; feels the Russians have got too much out of détente, deplores the fact that the US quit Vietnam without winning the war, remarks – apropos foreign aid – that 'my criticism is that we are giving it away like someone who is trying to feed animals in the woods. If you do it long enough, they lose the ability to forage for themselves . . .'

His lamentation over the débâcle in Angola and his eulogies to Daniel Patrick Moynihan can be imagined. They are part and parcel of a clearly defined cold war posture. Much more significant is his reiterated statement that the only way to solve the country's ills is to cease plaguing the corporations with regulations and taxes, to reverse the growing transfer of capital to the social sector.

The important fact about this catalogue is that most of its contents are endorsed by President Ford, by a 'moderate' Republican such as Nelson Rockefeller, and indeed – with varying emphases – by many of the Democratic candidates too. Reagan's advantage is that he already commands the high ground. Striving not to stumble, Ford advances up the hill, only to be met with a withering fire from the Reagan batteries: did he not sack James Schlesinger, proponent of increased defence spending, and retain Henry Kissinger, the man who is in the process of delivering the country into the hands of the Soviet Union? Did he not propose in January a Federal budget staggering beneath a mighty deficit?

They might differ with him on domestic issues, but Democrats face the same problem as Ford, so far as the rest of the world is concerned. Not one of them would dare attack Kissinger from the Left. Most of them temper any criticism of Moynihan with the thought that it was high time that someone told the denizens of the UN that Uncle Sam was not prepared to be kicked around any more. And even on the matter of big government and Federal excesses, the more liberal Democrats are reduced to saying somewhat limply that they are not for 'big' government but for 'efficient' government. It's the sort of slogan that lacks the bracing Reaganite snap.

It is difficult too for his opponents to point to conspicuously adverse results of an actual Reagan administration. His term as Governor of California was not conspicuously disastrous, friendly to big business but not stained by scandal. He entered his office at 9 and left it at 5, delegating authority wherever possible. Here, too, Ford is vulnerable, unelected, presiding over the worst months of the worst depression since the war.

Reagan, in short, has shifted the centre

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of gravity in the articulation of campaign issues. The results are discernible in President Ford, who is temperamentally conservative himself, precluded from attempting an outflanking manoeuvre from the Right only by the fear that he might fall off the map and thus be reduced merely to being 'Presidential'. And, furthermore, Reagan's campaign has forced most of the Democratic candidates to express themselves more openly than they might initially have desired at this stage in the game.

The Democratic primary race evidently lacks the clarity of the Republican one. There are, to be precise, no fewer than five candidates actively campaigning in New Hampshire: Fred Harris, Mo Udall, Birch Bayh, Sargent Shriver and Jimmy Carter. Barely less active are two more: Henry Jackson and George Wallace. There is, finally, the prospect of Frank Church's late campaign in the Western states and Hubert Humphrey's presumptive resurrection in a 'brokered' Democratic convention. (I exclude, for reasons of clarity, the faltering hopes of Governor Milton Shapp of Pennsylvania and – since they are still thankfully premature – consideration of predictions that in July Senator Edward Kennedy will reverse his pledge and spring into the race.)

With such a plenitude of candidates there's hardly a hand in New Hampshire which has not been shaken by someone, hardly a factory gate which is not adorned, in the chill New Hampshire morning, by a jocose campaigner. In the company of four aides, five secret service men (distinguishable by the plastic worms running out of their ears and down into the wireless receivers on their hips) and two other journalists, I watched Senator Birch Bayh start his day at 6.30 a.m., one degree below zero, by greeting each of 300 people starting the early shift at a tennis-shoe factory just below the Canadian border. A week earlier these workers had enjoyed the same greeting from Sargent Shriver. The next day I watched Shriver shake the hand of every worker in another shoe factory 100 miles further south. These workers had, a week before, enjoyed the same honour from Jimmy Carter.

Evidently some reduction in this multitude of contenders must soon occur. And it is also evident that the unwholesome salad of politicial genes assembled in the person of Jimmy Carter has most to gain by a triumph next Tuesday. He would then be well positioned for the Massachusetts primary, which follows soon thereafter, and for the crucial Florida battle against Wallace and Jackson at the end of the first week in March. A decisive victory for Carter would show that the Democratic voters are prepared to buy a package in many respects similar to that proffered by Ronald Reagan: attacks on 'big government', at home, commendations of 'a strong posture', abroad, a conservative stance on bussing, abortion and other key issues, with the whole brew presented by a telegenic personality reminiscent of a lay Billy Graham.

Excluding the populist Fred Harris and that shopworn New Frontiersman, Sargent Shriver, Carter's two main opponents in New Hampshire are Congressman Mo Udall and Senator Birch Bayh. Both have tolerable liberal Democratic records. Both offer the standard Democratic brew in times of peace: full employment, enlightened Federal spending, and – in the post-recession atmosphere – sedate aggression towards big business. Bayh has slightly more edge among the labour movement, Udall among middle-class liberals. But it is apparent that Bayh's organisation in New Hampshire is weak and Udall's fortified by liberal desertions from Carter's camp. Udall therefore, however remote one may conceive his ultimate chance of being the Democratic candidate, looks most likely to gain by denying Carter the privilege of chalking up a victory in the liberal context of the New Hampshire primary before a consequent invasion by Carter of the conservative political terrain hitherto the undisputed preserve of the comatose Henry Jackson.

But already it is clear that 1976 is not a year in which a crusading Democrat has yet emerged, conquering all before him with savage indictments of Republican incompetence, corruption and reaction. In the wake of the worst recession since the war liberal Democrats in the field manage to sound almost apologetic about the need for resolute government action, and plainly timorous about issues such as abortion and bussing. Even before the vote, and whatever its outcome, Reagan and the political tradition he represents have seized the initiative. Even if he loses at some point between now and August, Reagan can have the satisfaction of watching Republicans and Democrats alike dancing with greater or lesser fervour to his tune.

New York

Donald Gould

Disappearing Foreign Doctors

Last month the Pakistan Government introduced a law foreshadowing trouble for the NHS. A new emigration ordinance lists a range of skilled workers, from pilots to bankers, who, before leaving Pakistan to work abroad, must obtain a 'No Objection Certificate'. The list includes doctors and nurses. If permission to leave is granted the emigrant must undertake to remit up to 20 per cent of the income earned abroad by way of tax to the Pakistan government.

The NHS is heavily dependent upon the services of overseas doctors and nurses. Amazingly, however, nobody in authority appears to know exactly how many foreign-trained medical workers are employed in this country, or from whence they come. What would be thought of a company which built itself a vast factory on the outskirts of a village, without regard to how it was to be manned? The NHS is far and away the largest industry in the country, employing well over a million assorted labourers. Moreover, something like half of all NHS employees of all sorts, from porters to consultants, are immigrants, and among the more skilled grades – the doctors and the nurses – a high proportion have received their training overseas. How can there be any intelligent planning of such major matters as the provision of medical schools and schools of nursing in this country, or of the type and scope of medical services to be provided, if the authorities responsible have no clear picture of the source and the reliablity of the flow of trained immigrants needed to make the system work?

Some figures are, of course, available. Dr S. Chatterjee, a Manchester consultant physician and chairman of the Overseas Doctors' Association, believes there are 13-14,000 foreign-trained doctors in the country. A recently published interim report from the World Health Organisation on the international migration of physicians and nurses puts the figure at 21,000, or about one quarter of the nation's medical manpower. Nobody seems to know how many foreign-trained nurses are working in NHS hospitals, but it is known that over 4,000 nurses who have trained elsewhere are registered in England and Wales each year. Something like six out of ten senior house officers and half of all registrars working in British hospitals are from overseas, and perhaps 20 per cent of GPs are now from abroad. Dr Chatterjee believes that 2,000 or more of the foreign doctors are from Pakistan. The WHO document puts the number at 1,600. The DHSS claims not to know. Similarly the General Nursing Council is unable to say how many nurses from Pakistan are on its register.

The United Kingdom is among the four nations (the other three are the US, Canada and the Federal Republic of Germany) which between them have absorbed 85 per cent of the 140,000 physicians identified by the WHO as working outside their own countries. The UK's stock of foreign doctors is drawn from all parts of the world, but, says WHO, 45 per cent are from India, Pakistan and Sri Lanka. There are over 7,000 Indian doctors in Britain compared to the 1,600 from Pakistan. Thus, while it is clear that the NHS relies to a large and dangerous extent upon overseas-trained workers, it might appear that even if the flow to this country of Pakistan doctors and nurses were halted entirely as a result of that country's new emigration ordinance, no drastic harm to medical services would result. Any shortfall, it might seem, could be easily made up by bringing in extra workers from elsewhere. But several considerations make such optimism unjustified.

The situation is far from static. It is not just a question of maintaining the strength of the NHS by replacing skilled workers as they retire. Dr Chatterjee believes that only some 5-6,000 of the overseas doctors in this country are here for keeps. About 2,000 enter the country each year, but a similar number leave, and a recent survey has suggested that currently the outflow

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may slightly exceed the inflow. Only a small imbalance would be needed in order to produce a steady shrinkage in the stock. The situation has not been helped by the clearly desirable proficiency tests which a majority of immigrant doctors now have to face before working here, and which two thirds or more fail, at least at their first attempt. These tests, together with the fact that many immigrants find themselves in the least desirable jobs (notably in ancient asylums for the old and mentally disabled) has reduced the attraction of the UK for foreigners.

The action of the Pakistan government will have a further if comparatively modest effect on our stock by reducing the flow of Pakistani doctors who may still wish to come here. More importantly, however, other Third World countries are likely to follow suit. Sri Lanka has already started withholding travel documents and currency from would-be emigrant doctors and nurses, and India has closed down the centres at which doctors, hoping to be admitted to the US, used to take professional tests organised by the American authorities.

In the past the emigration of doctors from Third World countries has been encouraged by two important considerations. First, their schools of medicine and nursing have been producing many more trained men and women than the local economy can support in work. Secondly, the medical and nursing curricula have been based on those of Western schools, so that doctors and nurses have been trained in the practice of a type of medicine adapted to the needs of wealthy and industrialised societies, rather than the very different requirements of developing nations where, for example, effective innoculation programmes, public health measures, and networks of rural clinics providing simple treatment and advice, are far more urgently needed than fine hospitals and facilities for carrying out complicated heart or brain surgery.

At a press conference introducing Pakistan's new emigration ordinance the Federal Minister for Labour and Manpower, Mr Hafeezullan Cheema, acknowledged these facts, and said that his government would ensure that the experts prevented from leaving would have their skills put to good use. Tanzania is re-designing her medical curriculum with the idea of producing doctors who will have talents more relevant to the local health situation, and who will, therefore, at the same time, be less suitable for employment in the West.

These trends are bound to accelerate and spread, so that supplies of foreign-trained doctors and nurses could fall dramatically within a very few years. We should forthwith make an accurate assessment of our future medical manpower needs and of likely changes in the flow of workers from abroad. Then, at whatever cost, and despite our poverty, we should expand the output of home-grown medical workers to the point at which we are self-sufficient. Otherwise we too will have to enact an emigration law to keep the doctors and nurses we do possess working here. And I should hate to be Secretary of State for Health and Social Security when that happens.

John Kenneth Galbraith

The Economic Problems of the Left

Our habit in economic matters is to see the problems of each country as in some measure separate from all others. And our even stronger tendency is to see the issues facing national political parties as unique. In fact, there is a broad similarity in the economic questions facing the industrial countries of the West.

The democratic Left, in all Western industrialised countries, has two major failures – or dilemmas. The first involves, not surprisingly, inflation and unemployment – what economists have come to call macroeconomic policy. The Left, like the Right, has no generally accepted policy for reconciling substantially stable prices with substantially full employment. Present measures in all countries involve either substantial inflation, which is socially damaging, or substantial unemployment, which is socially intolerable, or, most likely, both.

The second dilemma of the democratic Left in all countries concerns public ownership – in the literal sense, socialism. In all modern countries socialism has become the dustbin of capitalism. It is for those industries where private enterprise has one of two characteristics: either its performance is no longer tolerable or private capitalism is no longer profitable.

There is now no industrial country in which private enterprise provides good housing, good medical care, good hospitalisation, good public transportation, at prices that people of modest income can afford. These happen to be industries – housing, health care, transportation – that are difficult to do without. So in all countries they have been taken over, in greater or less measure, by the state. A modern British socialist is, I judge, a man who talks about the power of the great monopolies until he is in office. Then he concerns himself with housing construction or the National Health Service.

The failed corporation is the second socialist imperative. Above a certain size, it is now evident, no industrial corporation can be allowed to go out of business. It still happens in Samuelson but not in real life. The effect on workers, customers, management and creditors is too great. Nothing more wonderfully reveals the flexibility of the human mind than the speed with which the most devout free enterpriser – industrialist or banker – converts to socialism when this is the only chance for the survival of the firm or the recovery of the loans. The owners, creditors or managers of Penn Central, Lockheed, Pan-Am, Rolls Royce, British Leyland, Krupp, Citroën, Chrysler, even the large Wall Street brokerage houses, have all undergone this ideological transmigration in recent years. The power of socialist progaganda on established faith is as nothing compared with the threat of bankruptcy. Marx, from wherever he is watching, must smile, but not so much, for he foresaw a somewhat similar consequence of capitalist concentration.

The modern socialist cannot, however, share Marx's delight. For him – or her – it defines a truly formidable problem. It means that public ownership and operation must succeed in those industries like housing and health care where capitalism has never worked. And it must succeed in those corporations where it has failed. Capitalism has the successes, socialism inherits the failures.

These dilemmas of the democratic Left define its task. The task of overwhelming importance is to improve the capacity for performance – for results. It is by results, not persuasion, that we will succeed. This is a time for works, not faith. Results require, first of all, that a satisfactory form of macroeconomic management be devised. And they require, second, that an efficient, publicly acceptable means for acquiring and managing public enterprises be found.

Inflation in the modern industrial economy is ultimately the result of claims of various groups on the always limited capacity to supply them. These claims are enhanced by the progressively more classless character of consumption. The rich still feel, on the whole, that they should have more than others. But there is now no large group – not blue-collar workers, not unskilled workers, not blacks, not women – who accept that they are meant to have little. Not surprisingly it is in Britain, the oldest of the industrial communities and the most advanced of the social democracies, where this problem is worst. Britain has compounded the problem, as compared with European countries, by largely denying herself a sizeable subproletariat of low-paid, insecure foreign workers.

The first practical step toward stability without unemployment must be to control income claims. There is no alternative. This, however, cannot be done for trade unions while leaving upper-middle-class income and that of the rich untouched, elegant as may be the argument for so doing. From this circumstance comes the basic macroeconomic policy to which the democratic Left in all countries must adhere. It is not an agreeable policy; it is simply, again, that there is no alternative. The trade unions must be persuaded to hold their claims to what can be afforded out of increased productivity gains. And then, as a matter of essential equity, the consumption claims of upper income groups must be subject to effective restraint, increasing in stringency as income increases so that the aggregate of claims does not exceed the capacity to produce. Where there is substantial corporate market power, this requires control of prices and therewith of profits.

There is now wide, if not quite complete, acceptance of the need for effective wage restraint for ensuring price stability. This advocacy is not accompanied by a similar enthusiasm for restraint on executive salaries, profits, property income. No

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strategy for stabilisation is possible – and currently none can be acceptable to the democratic Left – which singles wages out for special attention.

The purpose of income and price restraint is simple. It allows the economy to operate much nearer to full employment without large, erratic and damaging price increases. It is the alternative, the only alternative, to using unemployment and idle capacity to restrain wages and prices. Equitably administered, therefore, such control is an indispensable part of the economic policy of the democratic Left. The Left must never be beguiled by the economists' claim that, through some combination of fiscal or monetary magic, there can be price stability and full employment while leaving prices and incomes to the market. If that were possible, the formula would have been found before now. Let us not forget that there is no vested interest greater than that of the textbook economist in the market.

While the problem of macroeconomic policy is more difficult in Britain than in any other country, I cannot help thinking that Britain is closer to solving it than any other country. No large political grouping rejects the principal of an incomes policy. And the self-pity and alarm now being manifested on behalf of the affluent will surely do something to assure the unions that they are not being singled out for exceptional attention. In this connection let all be a little cautious about accepting the argument that business incentives are being impaired by either low compensation or excessive taxation. The modern business organisation does not depend that much on any individual. And I've never heard of a corporation singling out for promotion a man who adjusts his effort in accordance with his compensation.

Large Socialist Sector

I turn now to the microeconomic question: What do we do about public ownership and particularly about the industries and enterprises that go to the state by default in performance or earnings?

We must recognise, as a first step, that industrial failure by private capitalism is perfectly normal and has nothing to do with the essentiality or nonessentiality of the particular industry. As the examples of housing, health care and transportation make clear, failure can be in the industries of highest importance. And, whatever may be the reaction in principal, the failure of the very large enterprise will not readily be accepted in practice. Accordingly, all modern governments will have a large sector of socialist enterprise. This has nothing to do with either accident or ideological preference.

This sector, to state what is obvious but often avoided, must be administered at the highest level of efficiency and competence. No argument against public ownership is so effective as the allegation that it is incompetent. Nothing so affirms people in mistrust of public ownership as their own discovery that this is so. In the United States we are now suffering acutely from the fact that Republicans attack government for incompetence and then work diligently to make it so. That socialism must accept the failed cases of capitalism makes it peculiarly vulnerable to the attack.

The solution is without novelty; it is highly professional public management. Every party of the democratic Left must now address itself to the development of a force of public managers of the highest level of proficiency. There must be men and women who believe in public enterprise, take pride in seeing performance that improves on private capitalism, take a substantial part of their personal reward in their accomplishment. They must have extensive autonomy in decision-making, including decisions on manning and investment; this autonomy is an indispensable requirement of all effective management. Public management can never be second-guessed on decisions by the political leadership. It must be held accountable for results by the orthodox standards of cost and return. This is not a capitalist test of efficiency; it is the universal and only test.

I would like to see training schools, staff colleges, of the highest order in all countries for the task of public management. Private capitalism long ago saw the importance of such instruction. It is now of the greatest importance that governments of the democratic Left begin to produce – and perhaps to exchange – a force of highly qualified public managers.

The failures of capitalism include two cases. There are those firms – the recently secretly socialised eastern railroads in the United States are an example – which society simply cannot do without. And there are those where the determining factors are jobs or creditors. The first, *pro tanto*, must be taken into public ownership. A subsidy will be required; this should be provided *ex ante*. The public managers should then be required to meet the conventional tests of efficiency.

Where jobs and debts are involved, public takeover should not be automatic. Chrysler, a marginal company in the United States as in Britain, strikes me as a very dubious case. I confess also to wondering why the British Government should be subsidising the manufacture of Jaguars for the struggling masses. I think, on grounds of international comity, the Coleman decision on Concorde was right. But to travel on it at the expense of the British or French taxpayers would trouble my sensitive conscience. The dustbin of capitalism should include all essential industries. Other compassionate provisions should be made when the project is a luxury and the primary issue is jobs.

Modern socialism – public ownership – has the uniquely difficult task of making a success of the industries and corporations where private capitalism has failed. This task it cannot escape. It should not, however, content itself with the failures. Once public ownership has established its competence, it must also accept the challenge of the successful industries. There are two priority cases. Neither is the monopoly or oligopoly traditionally the object of socialist attention. The performance of the modern oligopoly – the industry of small numbers – with its emphasis on growth is not intrinsically deficient. It is usually superior to more dispersed and competitive but technically less competent industries such as housing construction or small-scale agriculture.

The candidates for public ownership are industries which, for one reason or another, have lost their private characters, where to affirm public ownership is to accept established fact. The principal such case in the United States is the large weapons firm – Lockheed, General Dynamics, Thiokol, McDonnell-Douglas and the like. These firms get most of their orders, much of their working capital, an appreciable share of their physical plant, from the Government. And their mistakes, in one way or another, are also socialised. Only their profits, executive salaries and power to bring pressure on the Government, use bribery on other governments, are a manifestation of private capitalism. They are a priority case for public ownership. I would make the same case for similar firms in Britain.

Profits for the Public

The other case is the very large firm in which, in consequence of common development, the stockholder or ownership interest has lost all power, all function. Management has assumed complete control; it appoints the board of directors, who, in turn and predictably, appoint the management that selected it. The power of the stockholders is not negligible but nil. Many of the large multinational corporations – General Motors, Shell, Exxon – have reached this stage. The functionless stockholders should be paid off in bonds. Capital gains and dividends should henceforth accrue to the public at large. Such gains would make public ownership a two-way street, not an arrangement by which the loss-making enterprises go to the state, the profitable ones uphold the banners of private enterprise. Such a division of labour is a caricature of both capitalism and socialism. The examples of Renault, Volkswagen, in some measure BP, show that this is a wholly workable design. There is a case for a calm and careful and nondisruptive policy. But no one should be put off by the indignant and raucous cries blaming it all on Wedgwood Benn. The Book of Common Prayer does not proclaim that ICI or General Motors is the final perfection of God and man. As long as the state must take the failures, it must have some of the successes as well. These should be where the substitution of a publicly owned bureaucracy for the same privately owned bureaucracy is involved.

But it must work. Let me repeat: such extension of the area of public ownership is only possible, politically or economically, as the reputation for efficient public management is affirmed. That is now an absolute essential.

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Denis MacShane

Birmingham Smells Corruption

That icy day earlier this month when the Queen opened the National Exhibition Centre just outside Birmingham will go down in West Midlands history not for the unveiling of another success for the Exhibition Centre's architect, the ubiquitous Colonel Seifert, but as the day when Birmingham Labour Party broke ranks over the issue of corruption in the city that has been simmering for the last ten years. Within a few days of the ceremony two of Labour's most powerful local government chieftains who had joined with the Queen in toasting the success of the Centre were to be at each other's throat.

The man who forced the split is the leader of the Labour-controlled West Midlands county council, Sir Stan Yapp. His council, created by Peter Walker's local government reorganisation, has provided an alternative source of power to the virtually omnipotent style of the old Birmingham city council; particularly in the delicate area of planning permission the new county council can and has intervened against decisions of Birmingham's planning committee. Yapp is also a senior member of Birmingham city council and it was as such that he exploded at a meeting of Birmingham's Labour group of councillors on the night of the Exhibition Centre's opening. His anger arose when it was suggested that the former city architect, Alan Maudsley, who was convicted of corruption two years ago, should be given a council pension.

For Yapp the question of Maudsley's pension has been an emotional point of council honour for some time. In public Yapp has called Maudsley an arrogant bully and a servile Uriah Heep and behind the scenes he has fought to ensure that Maudsley would forgo his pension. Other councillors attending the meeting, however, put Yapp's anger down to his personal friction with the younger and more dynamic leader of Birmingham city council, Clive Wilkinson. The two men, both of them escorts to the Queen in the morning, had drifted apart ever since Wilkinson succeeded Yapp as leader of Birmingham city council in 1973.

But Yapp's anger was not just for consumption by the caucus of Labour councillors. It became clear during the next few days that Yapp was going to say in public what everyone involved in council politics had been saying in private for years, that Birmingham was a city where money had been made through influence, position and power. And so often the influence, position and power was held by elected councillors and local government officials.

Over the next few days the local papers in Birmingham were full of Yapp's accusations. Starting with the claim that corruption in Birmingham was deeper than previously suspected, he went on to say that more people would soon be appearing in court. It is hardly a surprising allegation. When Maudsley went to jail two years ago he had changed a defiant not-guilty plea to one of guilty after just one day's appearance in court. So a trial that was expected to reveal a lengthy and complex chain of corruption ended with no witnesses called and a mass of police evidence untouched.

To reporters who covered the story the sudden switch of pleas seemed fishy and one of the defence counsel referred to his client's involvement being only the tip of the iceberg. Two years later the submerged nine-tenths is surfacing. A lengthy police investigation into the past affairs of Birmingham council is nearly over. The private architect jailed with Maudsley, James Sharp, has produced on television what he wasn't allowed to say in court. On *Panorama*, broadcast the day the National Exhibition Centre was opened, he gave evidence that the Birmingham building firm C. Bryant paid for girls, gambling and trips abroad enjoyed by Maudsley. Maudsley himself is preparing his own list of Birmingham councillors who went on Bryant's trips, pointing out that if he was corrupted so were these others.

Yapp poured out more allegations. He said he had been pressurised as leader of the West Midlands county council to take a lease on one of Birmingham's many empty office buildings. Then he suggested that a city MP had tried to influence the selection of the new chief constable for the West Midlands. 'Hush-up', 'corruption', 'Yapp bombshell' became the dominant journalists' vocabulary in the city. There was one small problem though. Yapp failed to produce a shred of evidence to back up his allegations.

In a sense it doesn't matter. Every unsubstantiated and nameless charge has provoked a string of denials and explanations. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse* might well be Yapp's current motto. Denis Howell, the MP for Small Heath and a former Birmingham councillor, admitted that he had praised a particular Birmingham police officer who was a possible candidate for the chief constable's job but went on to argue that as a local MP he had a perfect right to involve himself in the affairs of the city and, perhaps more to the point, stressed that his favourite for the job had not even got on the short list. Sir Frank Price, property developer, ex-Lord Mayor of Birmingham and ex-leader of the Labour group on the city council, angrily denied exerting any pressure on behalf of the various developments and buildings he was concerned with.

Above all Councillor Clive Wilkinson defended his council against Yapp's statements. So too did Birmingham's top civil servant, the city's chief executive, Francis Amos, who denied a council cover-up and challenged Yapp to produce his evidence. Labour councillors joined in the row on both sides and the Labour Party's national agent, Reg Underhill, told Yapp to cool down his accusations. Transport House's concern is understandable: Labour controls Birmingham by virtue of the Lord Mayor's casting vote and, according to Wilkinson, Yapp's string of allegations will prove electorally disastrous for Labour in the next local government election.

Yapp remains adamant about the need to wave the Labour Party's dirty linen in public. Although he maintains that he is talking about malpractice in Birmingham beyond the council departments, and keeps re-emphasising that the worst of the corruption was during the period of Conservative control between 1967 and 1972, it seems he has now decided to fight a battle that he dodged ten years ago when Labour last held power. Then as a young, left-wing councillor he was appalled by what he saw going on between Labour councillors and Birmingham's business establishment.

For years a right-wing party machine did nothing to discourage councillors and committee chairmen whose income came from firms or businesses that could be helped by the knowledge gained through council work. Birmingham must be the only city in Britain with a flourishing Socialist Businessmen's Club.

About the time in the mid-1960s that Maudsley was first picking up his bribes Yapp was collecting evidence on the connection between committee chairmen and building firms. In 1966 he led a revolt by other young radicals on Birmingham council against the appointment of certain Labour councillors to key committee chairmanships. Although at the time he never made his suspicions public he was successful in stopping the appointments. In the local government election débâcle that followed, Labour lost power, with Yapp losing his own council seat. The complete collapse of Labour saved any further examination of the role of certain councillors.

In the Tory years the physical face of Birmingham changed. Every few months another stretch of ring road would be opened, another office block erected. Planning permission never seemed to be a problem. And when Labour took power in 1972 the property boom and easy planning permission continued at first. Yapp became concerned that what he saw ten years ago was beginning to repeat itself. Although the formal corruption was beginning to surface – there have been four police inquiries into various council departments – it seemed that council power was once again being used for ends that could not always be called socialist.

The transformation of Yapp's private concern into public worry came last month when the *Tribune* group MP for Perry Barr, Jeff Rooker, started probing the speed with which planning permission was granted for the valuable redevelopment of Birmingham's Victorian Post Office. Rooker was told to 'keep his nose out of Birmingham city council business'.

Yapp's West Midland council also intervened to slow down a proposal to build a hypermarket on a car-park belonging to Aston Villa football club. Planning permission for the development took an extraordinarily short three weeks to get through Birmingham City Council. As West Midlands county councillor Theresa Stewart puts it: 'There was a lot of pressure put on

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the county council to okay the hypermarket. The speed was because the developers were worried about the effect of the Community Land Act. In any case it was a bizarre sight to see a Labour Birmingham council trying to outflank the intentions of a Labour Government's Act.'

Almost certain to lose control of the council later this year, the present Labour councillors will turn their energies towards the city party, which is usually ignored when Labour are in power. It is important to remember that, even though Yapp's public office is as leader of the West Midlands county council, his political power base still lies within the Birmingham Labour Party. That party now faces a crisis which is as much political as it is about Yapp's allegations of corruption. A whole style of local government and local political power is under examination – a style that Yapp says 'may not be criminal but it's still not right.'

Tom Baistow

Express Departure

This is a difficult time for newspapers, Alastair Burnet informed the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising on 4 February: which was hardly news to his hard-pressed audience, but he dramatised the point exactly a week later by resigning from the editorship of the *Daily Express* after only 16 months in the job.

The brevity of Burnet's editorship encapsulates the neurosis which has gripped the once-arrogant pioneer of pop journalism. (His short life in the chair is a record for Fleet Street this century – Charles Dickens holds the all-time record with his three weeks at the *Daily News* – and is even noteworthy for the *Express*, where the average since Arthur Christiansen's long reign has been three years, seven months.) But in fact Burnet's appointment was as mystifying to outsiders as it was dismaying to insiders and dispiriting for Jocelyn Stevens, Sir Max Aitken's extravert and ambitious deputy chairman and hatchet man.

Only a year before, under Stevens's stage management, the previous editor, Ian McColl (like Burnet a Scot, whose own elevation from the Glasgow office had been equally puzzling), had launched an expensive advertising campaign to convince new young readers – and advertisers – that the bad old reactionary *Express* was turning over a new more open-minded leaf. 'We have reconsidered our outlook to represent an even wider section of the British public,' declared McColl. 'In recent years the young, perhaps, have been somewhat prejudiced against the *Express* – occasionally with reason.' He promised that it would be 'more fair', along with a shift to in-depth reporting and the 'unmasking of the unacceptable face of capitalism' among lots of other radical-sounding journalistic goodies.

But none of this copy-writer's hyperbole or the genuine, if short-lived, attempt to make the paper more serious, more liberal minded, staunched the circulation haemorrhage. So Sir Max decided the name of the game was a NAME. On hand to help pick one was Evelyn de Rothschild, the banker, who besides being a director and financial adviser of Beaverbrook Newspapers was also the chairman of the *Economist* (editor, Alastair Burnet). The fact that Burnet, while both a name and a telly face was also a man of pronounced right-wing views and Establishment instincts, and a magazine journalist who had never laboured in the Fleet Street news factory, seems not to have struck, or at least bothered, Sir Max.

It certainly struck the staff, just recovering from a severe pruning, when Burnet moved in with his faithful *Economist* lieutenant George ffitch (the snidest allegation against whom was that his name originally boasted only one, upper case, 'F') and began to move the paper back to the Right and substitute the *Economist* techniques of writing or rewriting copy within the office for the more labour-intensive McColl-type hard news digging.

To be fair, the staff admired Burnet's capacity to work long hours, interpret political and diplomatic developments and hold his liquor like the best of them: what he lacked, professionally, was the hard back-bench experience, the knowledge of the way the chain of command works, a feel for the 'woodwork' that an editor must have to follow his directives through and get what he wants into the paper the way he wants it. Towards the end his regime petered out in that last resort of the desperate pop paper, cheque-book 'exclusives' and WAR DECLARED! typography. And finally the remnants of the old guard accused him of chickening out and playing the Establishment's game by refusing to exploit a so-called dossier on Jeremy Thorpe in the paper's possession (a decision that in my book calls for three belated cheers).

The real crunch came over Burnet's determination to put the paper behind Edward Heath's fight to regain the Tory leadership from Mrs Thatcher, against the advice of Walter Terry, the political editor (who this month moved over to the *Sun*), and Stevens's fears that it could alienate Tory readers. Even when Heath took the count at last October's Tory conference the *Express* played down the full significance of his débâcle. A few days later the report of a speech by Sir Max in ancestral New Brunswick dropped on Burnet's desk: Mrs Thatcher, Sir Max had told his fellow Canadians, was a brilliant leader, just the ticket for the Tories . . . Burnet took to his bed with shingles. It was then that rumours began to circulate that his departure was only a matter of negotiating the handshake (staffers believe his salary was closer to £30,000 than the £20,000 he implied in a letter to the *Guardian*). His speech to the IPA was hardly calculated to soothe the rough-and-ready breasts of colleagues like his successor Roy Wright, the deputy editor, who had come up the hard way: he doubted the quality of some present-day journalists – their education (he got his at the Leys School and Oxford) had not been improving in line with that of the public. Immediately the NUJ chapel sent him an official protest.

Burnet's short stint is merely a symptom of the *Express*'s real trouble: since it lost the old Empire Free Trader it has failed to find a role. In its 'great' – and highly profitable – days the daemonic Beaverbrook was its real editor and Arthur Christiansen, for 30 years the nominal editor, was the talented technician who supplied the professional know-how. Together they developed a brilliant, cynical formula expertly packaged for a less sophisticated, less affluent, TV-less society: synthesised 'bright' news, produced largely by very highly paid rewrite sub-editors, 'human' stories and a relentless flow of features by glamorous (ghosted) bylines that provided escape and vicarious thrills on the Hollywood model.

It was a world already dead when the Beaver died in 1964, but the sheer momentum of its success had kept circulation up to the 4 million mark. Today sales are down to 2.7 million – 707,000 below the *Sun*, which is now second only to the *Mirror*. In hard statistical terms the measure of Burnet's failure is that during his term the *Express* lost nearly 350,000 readers although there had been no price rise during the year.

His successor could hardly have taken over at a more traumatic juncture. This week the *Express* went up to 7p – 2p more than the seemingly unstoppable *Sun*. Wright, who came over from the sister *Evening Standard* only seven weeks ago, is an experienced Fleet Streeter who graduated from the provinces (after elementary school), but he faces the daunting double task of restoring morale to a staff that has seen two major reshuffles of senior executives within two years and at the same time creating a new identity or character for the paper. Unlike the *Sun* and the much-improved *Mail* (which is holding its sales), the *Express* has failed to attract enough new young – and female – readers. All this against the background of the Beaverbrook group's overall plight: £20m.-plus loans to be serviced and the *Standard* losing at the rate of £2m. a year, plagued by union demarcation disputes since its move to the *Express*'s new printing plant.

It is hard to believe that someone of Wright's solid but undynamic background will be able to produce the much-needed miracle in time. And even if, as some suspect, Stevens (who worked with Wright at the *Standard* and brought him to the *Express*) is poised to play Svengali, he has so far given few signs that his editorial inspiration matches his managerial panache. His hopes are now pinned on a switch to tabloid format. But the syllogism that because the *Sun*'s sales rocketed after it went tabloid therefore all tabloids are winners has been proved disastrously false by London's ailing *Evening News*, which has lost almost half its circulation since it went half-size. It is the shape of the journalism, not the shape of the pages, that sells papers.

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Paul Johnson

The Lucky Country Comes Unstuck

It was 120 degrees on the pitch of the Melbourne Cricket Ground when, at 5.25 p.m. on Saturday 31 January, Lance Gibbs coaxed Redpath into pushing a sitter to mid-on and claimed his 308th test wicket, thus breaking Freddy Trueman's once unassailable record. All hell broke loose. Earlier I had watched thousands of spectators lug into the stands immense ice-boxes, known as 'Eskies', crammed with Foster's Lager, and by this time, as they say, 'the beer was beginning to talk'. A black man hurtled onto the pitch, waving a bottle of champagne, from which he persuaded Gibbs to drink. As he scrambled back into the crowd, he was pounced on by a dozen pith-helmeted policemen, and then the fighting really started, as the angry proletariat of the South Stand went to his rescue. Twenty minutes, and several sets of police reinforcements later, they were still thumping away.

Hostility towards authority in all its forms is a living, if latent, Australian tradition, liable to spring into rampant action if the temperature and alcohol mix is right. No one can read Charles White's classic *History of Australian Bushranging* without realising that there was, for many decades, a rooted ambivalence in a huge section of Australian society towards the idea of any settled law and order. Convicts or 'government servants', ticket-of-leave men, former cons on parole, or even penniless free immigrants could secure pardons and liberty, or grants of freehold crown land of up to a square mile if they betrayed bushrangers. Remarkably few ever did so. The most brutal criminals received constant assistance, or at least the grace of silence, from ordinary poor folk. Below a certain social level there seems to have been no real distinction between those within or outside law-abiding society; but there was a powerful, if vague, feeling of 'we' and 'they' which persists even today.

The point should be borne in mind when viewing Australia as a classless society, which in a sense it is. Anthony Trollope, who visited the country twice in the 1870s, and wrote a splendidly shrewd, if prolix, book on the subject, noted that the abundance of material things which 'the lucky country' supplied had broken down traditional British working-class servility. 'Meat three times a day is the normal condition of the labourer,' he wrote. Hence, for 'the man who will work with his hands' Australia was 'paradise'. 'The whole condition of life' was altered: 'The slight estimation in which labour is held [in Britain] will be changed for a general respect. The humbleness, the hat-touching, the servility which is still incidental to such work as theirs in this old country, and which is hardly compatible with exalted manhood, has found no footing there.'

At a meretricious level, this feeling is still there. Of course successful Australians, or 'silvertails', accept knighthoods, now conferred from the country's own fountain of honour; there is what is termed a 'bunyip aristocracy' – after the horrendous but fabulous beast which infests the bush. But this flourishes side-by-side with a determined iconoclasm which dismisses the over-Anglicised as 'pantywaists' or 'dingalings', and insists that newly-elected Federal MPs should celebrate their triumph by 'chundering' over the stern bronze statue of George V in the hall of Parliament House.

The truth is, as the economist Humphrey McQueen put it in a recent essay on the myth of Australian equality, that though the country is a classless society 'in terms of life-style and aspiration', it is still a class society 'in terms of property ownership'. It is easy for the casual visitor to be misled by impressive statistics of home-ownership, and by the fact that peak-hour TV ads feature 'automatic cleaners for your swimming pool'. In fact wealth and income patterns are not significantly different from Britain's. The first report (April 1975) of the Commission of Inquiry into Poverty, set up by Gough Whitlam, suggests that the 'submerged fifth' of the population familiar to British investigators has an almost precise parallel in Australia. Over 10 per cent of income units are described as 'very poor', and a further 8 per cent as 'rather poor', that is less than a fifth above an austere poverty line. The causes – inadequacy of old-age pensions, widows' pensions, sickness and unemployment benefits, and above all low wages – are the same as here. There is no evidence that inequalities are growing less. Tax policies make little difference. Even after tax, the richest 10 per cent have incomes 20 times greater than the poorest 10 per cent; and the top 5 per cent of households receive more than the bottom 30 per cent put together.

In the distribution of wealth, British patterns are again repeated: the top 11 per cent hold over 40 per cent of Australia's wealth, while the 15 per cent at the bottom have less than 5 per cent. Only about 15 per cent of Australian adults own any shares at all. Australia is a classic capitalist country with a large working-class proletariat, even if the latter is, on the whole, well fed and housed.

In these circumstances, can the lucky country survive in a radicalising age without coming unstuck? There is one important respect in which the social structure of Australia differs markedly from contemporary Britain. Over there, there is absolutely no sign of demoralisation among the economic ruling class. Capitalism is alive and well and living in the Melbourne Club. The growth of the public sector has been essentially a non-political phenomenon, and business has tended to treat the state not so much as a menace as a milch-cow. They say of the National Country Party, which represents the graziers and farmers, and acts in coalition with the city-based Liberals, that it 'socialises its losses and plays the capitalist on its gains'. As in the United States, tax policy is bent heavily in favour of landowners, big, medium and small. Businessmen share the gravy. They denounce those on relief as 'dole bludgers', but a recent publication lists 64 distinct ways in which private companies can gouge money out of government.

The structure of the Federal constitution, dating from 1901, with its heavy emphasis on decentralisation and its severe limitations on Big Government, favours rural conservatism; while legal gerrymanders and the power of the Senate offer obstacles to any sudden lurch to the Left. The Australian Labour Party has been active since the earliest days of the independent state and achieved office even before the first world war; but it has held power for only 15 out of 75 years, and the thrust of federal and state government throughout this century has been conservative, conformist and anti-interventionist. The radical reformer has all the institutional machinery stacked against him.

It was against this background that the Whitlam government came to power in 1972, with the object of bringing about a rapid but peaceful revolution in Australian life. Or – was it a revolution? I have come across few politicians who arouse such conflicting judgments and emotions, not least among his own followers, as Whitlam. In local slang he is a 'tall poppy', someone egregious in stature and therefore vulnerable to the scythe. He is, indeed, an enormous man, married to a very tall wife and with two gigantic sons. Some see him as a flamboyant lawyer, with an overweening streak of vanity, a consciousness that he is intellectually superior to most of his colleagues, 'a full bottle'.

He has a mean streak and a command of language ripe even by Australian standards. One of his ministers told me: 'You wouldn't believe the things he bawled at me over the phone. My bloody oath!' Yet underlings, government drivers, secretaries, and such like adore him (they consider his successor, Malcolm Fraser, 'a cold fish'). But to others, chiefly Liberal businessmen, he is a rabid rabblerouser, a sorcerer's apprentice with a profound ignorance of economies; in short, a public menace who, as I heard one put it, 'nearly torpedoed Australia with the rough end of the pineapple'. I found him much disliked both by the Right-wing of Labour and by the traditional trade union Left, but with an undoubted attraction for intellectuals of all shades of opinion.

The truth is that Whitlam, in office, was a centraliser and an authoritarian, a left-

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wing antipodean Bismarck anxious to create a strong federal government which could do things on the grand scale. His ostensible object was to bring into existence a welfare state and a humanitarian society, but in a way these were less important to him than the means he was forging to construct them: the concentration of power in the hands of the Prime Minister. Few people outside Australia appreciate the restrictions of its constitution. The checks on a federal Prime Minister's authority are infinite, and they are narrowly interpreted by the High Court, which is 'strict constructionalist'. In Labour's case they are reinforced by a federalist party constitution which a Harold Wilson, say, would find almost inoperable. A Labour Prime Minister cannot even select his own cabinet, but must put up with those foisted on him by the party caucus, usually with the object of curbing his freedom of action. Thus Whitlam felt himself like Gulliver, tied down by a web of Lilliputian ropes, and his struggles to free himself constitute the story of his regime.

Whitlam hammered against the constitutional restraints by constant referrals to the High Court and use of referenda. These did not, in themselves, do the trick but they kept the constitutional issue alive and, in the view of his closest aides, were gradually conditioning a conservative public to the idea of change. At the same time, his chief strategy was to invade the sphere of the states' authority by a rapid expansion of federal health, welfare and educational schemes. For state governments this was, to put it mildly, 'a bit of a bummer' because the programmes were popular and difficult to oppose on purely constitutional grounds; moreover, the main recipients were local authorities, whom Whitlam was building up as a counterpoise to state politicians.

Wild-Spending Budgets

But all this cost money; money, indeed, on a scale unprecedented in Australian history, a scale which in the end even Whitlam, no niggard, found alarming, and which expanded against a background of uncontrolled inflation. I spent some time, last month, going over with grim-faced Treasury officials in Canberra the doleful history of Whitlam's profligacy, which they evidently saw as a Hogarthian rake's progress, ending in a satisfactory nemesis. A wild-spending Budget in 1973 was followed, next year, by 'an even more disastrous one'; it foresaw an expenditure increase of 33 per cent, which by the end of 1974 had become 45 per cent. The constitution, needless to say, makes it difficult for a free-spending federal PM to finance his popularity by borrowing. Since the late 1920s a constitutional amendment (104a), designed to prevent state governments from competing against each other in the money market, lays down that all government borrowing must be approved by a Loans Council, constituted by the federal PM and the six state premiers. The only exception is money raised for defence and 'temporary purposes'.

This was how Whitlam got himself involved in the notorious 'loans affair'. In essence it was a device to get round the restrictions of the federal constitution by raising 4,000 million US dollars, through a mysterious intermediary from certain Middle East oil powers, on the strength of Australia's mineral resources. The idea was sponsored by Rex Connor, the Minister of Minerals and Energy, though it was actually conceived in the mind of a senior civil servant, an albatross-like individual known to Canberra sophisticates as 'Australia's Widmerpool'. It never came before the full cabinet, and there is some question as to whether the deal was legal and constitutional. Nor was it clear what the Government intended to do with the money, though there was talk of the state financing public mineral development and buying out foreign-owned companies. In the event, not a dollar was raised, Whitlam was driven to sack Connor and an impression was left in the minds of all right-thinking Australians that the Labour regime was either crooked, or hopelessly incompetent, or both. It was against this sequence of events that the Liberal-Country Party-dominated Senate refused the Government supply, or to be precise, declined to take a vote on it.

Sessions of 'Ratbaggery'

Even by the beginning of 1975, the fatal year, there were hints that the country was lurching towards constitutional crisis. The trouble began when Tom Lewis, Liberal Premier of New South Wales, declined to follow constitutional custom and nominate a Labour man to a Senate seat made vacant by the appointment of a Labour Senator to a judgeship. This business aroused great fury, since the Leader of the Opposition, Bill Snedden, acknowledged that Lewis was wrong but refused to do anything about it. There followed bitter exchanges between the party leaders. Thus:

> *Mr Whitlam*: The first casual vacancy to arise after proportional representation was introduced in the Senate arose in December 1951. It occurred in Western Australia. A Labour Senator died. The Liberal Premier –
> *Mr Snedden*: Come on. Woof! Woof!
> *Mr Speaker*: Order! Interjections will cease or I will take the appropriate action. That applies to every Member of the House.
> *Mr Whitlam*: The Rt Hon. Gentleman appears to be more than usually hysterical. I have never known even him giggle so much. He is going gaga.

In the course of what one MP called 'sessions of ratbaggery and larrikinism', during which Whitlam, according to the *Australian Financial Review*, showed himself 'a foul-mouthed schoolboy bully', the Speaker was repeatedly abused and ignored by the front benches, and resigned in disgust. It was at this point that the unwillingness of Snedden to precipate a constitutional crisis and an election by using the Opposition's power in the Senate led to a challenge to his leadership and his replacement by Fraser.

From then on it should have been clear to Whitlam that the Australian Establishment was determined to play for keeps, and that he must expect skullduggery. Fraser, known as 'Big Mal', is a rangy, dour, taciturn and highly reactionary landowner from Victoria. He is not an aristocrat in the obvious sense: his grandfather was a labourer from Nova Scotia, his maternal grandfather a Jewish accountant. But by parental inheritance he belongs to the much-disliked 'squatocracy'. This makes him a striking contrast to recent Liberal leaders: Menzies was the son of a small country shopkeeper, Holt a struggling solicitor, Gorton a small fruit-grower, McMahon from the financial world. Fraser is a throwback or anachronism, the first leader for a long time from the 'country aristos', self-assured, chilly, contemptuous and arrogant. He seems to have had no doubt from the start that it was his right and duty to get Labour out at any cost, and so provoked the crisis by using his Senate majority to block supply.

'We were innocents,' said a Labour senator to me bitterly. 'We kidded ourselves we were living in a democracy and forgot who really rules this country.' With supply blocked, Whitlam set about organising finance from a consortium of banks. The banks, under pressure from the Liberals, may not have played; and Whitlam's scheme may have turned out to be unconstitutional and illegal anyway; but the mere rumour that he might by-pass the Senate provoked the Establishment into a constitutional coup. The quarter from which it came was, to Whitlam, unexpected: Sir John Kerr, the Governor-General. Kerr is one of those portly, snowy-white-haired Aussie gents who look as if brandy-butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. He was Whitlam's personal appointment, a reliable party lawyer, rewarded with formal honours after long service to Labour: 'Whitlam thought he was apples' (all right). So he was; but he was also a socially ambitious conformist who was easily 'duchessed', as they say, by the world into which his elevation took him.

Governor-General's Power

Had the Governor-General been a feeble-witted royal duke, little would have happened, the sound Windsor doctrine being 'When in doubt, do nothing'. But in fact the powers of the Governor-General under the Australian constitution are clearly much wider than the Queen's 'right to be informed, to encourage and to warn'. Kerr seems to have planned to use them several months before he actually did, and to have taken encouraging advice from a number of right-wing legal authorities. He did not warn Whitlam, or even discuss his possible intentions with him, believing that the Prime Minister would have instantly telephoned the Queen and secured his dismissal. Instead, when Fraser declined to compromise with Whitlam over the Senate, on 11 November, Kerr promptly invoked his powers to dismiss the Prime Minister, and appointed Fraser as caretaker pending elections.

The effect was to force Labour to the polls at a time of Fraser's choosing. Leaving aside the Senate blockage, the Labour government's fortunes, which had been rock-bottom in the summer, were on the mend during the second half of 1975. A new Finance Minister, Bill Haydon, was bringing expenditure under control, and a new Labour Minister, Senator 'Diamond Jim' McClelland, by a mixture of bullying and cajolery, was successfully dragooning the unions into a wages policy. But all this needed time to percolate through to the voters, and an early electon was bound to be fatal. A fortnight ago, Whitlam claimed that, without the constitutional issue,

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Labour's landslide defeat would have been even worse. Analysing the results, David Combe, Labour's national secretary, calculated: 'Once the coup was effected, it is my belief that Labour could not have won . . . any honest analysis of our debacle on 13 December must recognise first that we were perceived by the electorate as an incompetent govenment . . .'

The campaign was exceptionally violent and dishonest, with the press, led by the Murdoch papers, conducting a virulently anti-Labour crusade. Thus Kep Enderby, Whitlam's Attorney-General and a former champion golfer, was made the victim of a routine report on criminal law, which he had commended to the House a few weeks before. This suggested *inter alia* ending criminal prosecutions for acts of incest committed by over-18s. 'I had hardly had time to think about the matter, let alone make recommendations,' Enderby told me. 'The next thing I knew was the Liberals were accusing me of wanting to make incest compulsory.' They campaigned against him under the slogan; 'The golfing freak with the pornographic mind.' He lost his seat. So did many others, including some of the chief intellectual luminaries of the Whitlam years. Race Matthews, one of the victims, remarked sarcastically: 'For Labour to rule we need more than a majority in one House. We need a majority in two Houses, plus a compliant Governor-General, plus a compliant army.' The defeat makes it likely that Labour will be out of power until at least the early 1980s; it has blighted the careers and ended the hopes of an entire generation. 'The trouble with politics,' said the old Labour politico Arthur Calwell, 'is that one day you're a rooster, the next you're a feather duster.'

Kangaroo with Hiccups

The defeat also brought to an end Whitlam's attempts to modernise and centralise the Labour Party, and threw it back on its atavistic past. I spent a fascinating day in Canberra hovering outside the Labour caucus which met to postmortem the election and elect its leader and shadow cabinet. The results were bad news for the 'tall poppy'. True, Whitlam was confirmed as leader by a large majority. But he was bidden to seek re-election again in a mere 18 months, and as deputy leader in the House, and leader and deputy leader in the Senate, he was cunningly surrounded by three of his most prominent enemies and critics. As one of them put it to me, exultingly: 'Gough was done like a dinner.' The shadow cabinet elections, too, went largely against him and, among other things, saddled him with the man he sacked, Rex Connor.

Whitlam emerged from the caucus, to quote a Labour senator, 'like a kangaroo with hiccups and his balls in a dingo trap'. Small wonder that two of the ablest Labour men, Bill Haydon and Senator Jim McClelland, are drifting out of public life; one does not need to hero-worship Whitlam to be disgusted with the Labour Party. Indeed, the three men most likely to succeed as leader, Premier Dunstan of South Australia, Bob Hawke, chairman of the Labour Party and President of the Australian Confederation of Trade Unions, and Neville Wran, who leads the Labour Opposition in New South Wales, are not even in federal politics. It does not seem to me that Fraser has much to fear from his opponents for the time being.

Yet the new Prime Minister behaves with all the self-preservative suspicion of a Kremlin boss. He treats his colleagues as potential enemies. Centralising all decision-making in his office, he rules through a series of cabinet committees, the four most important of which he chairs himself. 'Big Mal' is not a kindly man. No sooner was he installed in The Lodge, the PM's official residence, than he rewarded the obsequious Kerr by pinching his butler. He loathes the press, despite its subservience to him, and dodges journalists if possible; his own department is wrapped in a security system notably lacking elsewhere in Canberra. He has flatly refused to allow other ministers to appoint press secretaries.

Threat of a Coup

Plainly, Fraser fears a coup. And who can blame him? There have been an awful lot of Liberal leaders since Menzies, even allowing for the fact that one was probably eaten by a shark. The day I flew to Sydney, the Liberal Premier of New South Wales, Tom Lewis, was abruptly deposed from office at a routine party caucus meeting. He had no idea of the carefully planned conspiracy until he actually walked into the committee-room. There were no specific charges against him, other than a vague fear he would lose the state election, due this year. Afterwards, he raged at the two ringleaders of the coup: 'You could have done me the courtesy of coming to see me first.' 'Aw, you wouldn't have listened,' they sneered. Of course, to have alerted Lewis might have ruined the coup. Any party move against Fraser is likely to be equally well-planned and secretive. To keep his numerous back-bench MPs and senators busy he has encouraged them to form a policy committee; but this could prove a dangerous weapon against himself. They were good enough to ask me to lunch during a break in their first meeting, and I found them full of admiration for the technical brilliance of the anti-Lewis putsch: 'That's the way to do it.' 'Too right.' 'Beaut bonzer, mate.'

While protecting himself from a stab in the back, Fraser's aim is to make himself the indispensable man of Australian conservatism by erasing the Whitlam years as though they had never been and by strengthening the structural barriers against a radical tide. To this end he has committed himself to a federalist policy under which central government will hand back some powers of taxation to the states and withdraw from a whole series of welfare and educational programmes. How far this policy squares logically with Fraser's bid to concentrate all federal power in his own hands is a moot point: after all, Menzies, whom Fraser much admires, started out as a theoretical federalist and ended up a pragmatic centralist, and Fraser himself, no diplomat, has already had angry shouting matches with four out of six state premiers. It is pointed out that Ted Heath, like Fraser, began as a professed opponent of Big Government but was soon 'doing a youee' (U-turn) all over the place. Fraser does not strike me as a man who would, when it comes to the point, willingly surrender power to anyone.

The second leg of his strategy is to challenge his enemies on the Left to a confrontation sooner rather than later. Despite a huge Budget deficit, he can't smash up Whitlam's main welfare programmes, such as Medibank, partly because he committed himself to maintain them during the election, but mainly because expenditure is already allocated for a year ahead. Anxious to wound, he does not quite know where to strike. But he has encouraged his Social Security Minister, Margaret Guilfoyle, a stony-faced accountant known variously as 'the iron butterfly' and 'a real ballbreaker', to crack down on bludgers of all kinds. Senator Guilfoyle, who makes Mrs Thatcher seem a bleeding heart, confesses she is deeply shocked that school leavers are taught how to fill in unemployment forms, and her first move has been to refuse dole to anyone who turns up at a labour exchange improperly dressed. Fraser has also carried out a massacre of the innocents by abruptly dissolving more than 40 royal commissions, special committees, federal agencies and the like, set up by Whitlam to probe into or administer various worthy causes, from foreign aid to deprived children. This has caused great wailings in do-good circles and amounts to a declaration of war on the Australian intelligentsia.

Attack on the Unions

Fraser likewise declared war on the trade union movement at the end of January by jettisoning his election promise to maintain the system under which wages are automatically geared to the cost-of-living index. He was prompted to this by a huge price leap in the last quarter of 1975 which made an immediate 6.4 per cent wage rise inevitable under the indexing rules, and his decision to break his word was greeted with howls of relief by small and medium businesses. Big business, the press and Fraser's party, especially at state level, are less sure: the acceptance of indexation by the unions was generally regarded as a Whitlam triumph, and unilateral repudiation by the Government gives some moral authority to the unions if they want a fight. The night Fraser announced the move, after a day of bellicose telephone calls with Liberal bigwigs, I dined with Bob Hawke, head of the Australian trade union movement, and I found him shocked more by the suddenness than by the substance of Fraser's ploy. Most trade union leaders want to get back into the jungle, and though Hawke opposes immediate anti-government strike action he is not the man to turn down Fraser's challenge.

Throughout the non-union Left, too, there is growing relish for an industrial confrontation this year. Most activists believe Labour was swindled out of office and that it cannot win, or at any rate keep, power if it plays by the constitutional rules. I heard one, seemingly level-headed, Labour leader say: 'Last December we lost our front line in Parliament. Now we must use

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our second line, the trade unions.' The radical historian Professor Manning Clark told readers of the *Australian* that the election seemed likely to convert the Left from the ballot box to industrial action, and he was echoed by the leftist ALP spokesman Bill Hartley: 'The Labour Party should regard the assertion that change can be effected and legitimised through the parliamentary system with extreme reserve . . . What is needed is a clear strategy for social action inside and outside the parliamentary system.' Fraser's provocative move plays straight into the hands of this school of thought.

So 1976, therefore, promises to be one of violent social unrest and conflict in Australia. Inflation, unemployment and tempers are all high. Fraser clearly belives he must get the serious fighting over in his first year of office, before launching a boom on which he can drift to glory as another Menzies. He thinks he can beat the unions into the ground. He is almost certainly wrong. The Whitlam years cannot simply be erased. The clock cannot be put back to Menzies-time. There is no future in Australia for pure capitalism; or, for that matter, for state-oriented federalism. Too much has happened, both inside the country and in the world beyond, for Fraser's antique formula to work,

There are a great many very clever people in Australia – time and again a visitor is reminded that they have inherited all the English creative and imaginative genius, plus something else besides – and there can be no question of them ever again knuckling down to obscurantist paternalism. The danger is that Fraser is obstinate enough, and will last long enough, to insist on discovering this obvious truth for himself. *That* is how the lucky country will come unstuck.

Of course, the luck is still there in abundance. The country's mineral wealth is constantly being revised upwards. Even while I was there proven uranium reserves at the Jabilunka deposit in the Northern Territories were established as at least 228,600 short tonnes, by far the world's largest and worth 9,600 million Australian dollars (over £6,000m.) at today's prices. On the other hand, the nation has powerful enemies, not least the imperialist Javanese, or 'Indonesians' as they call themselves, busy at present, with Canberra's craven acquiescence, stamping out independent East Timor. To survive in a naughty world where international law is breaking down, wealthy but vulnerable Australia needs to restore a national consensus she has quite lost for the present. It will not be achieved by an attempt to crush organised labour and the respectable Left, an attempt doomed to failure anyway.

Last month I attended a performance of *Aïda* in the new Sydney Opera House which was quite breathtaking in its splendour and polish. The music, and its magnificent setting, were a reminder – I didn't really need any – that Australia is now one of the great repositories of Western civilisation, an important piece on the world's cultural chessboard. What she needs to do is to bring a little of this civilising spirit into her political system, whose brutality and class warfare constitute a dangerous anachronism.

Corinna Adam

A Persian Garden in Westminster

The view in the Inns of Court, this week at least, is that the Attorney-General is running scared. He no longer, it is said, carries the courage of his convictions. That has been a general, one might even say hopeful, view for some time. In this case, it is based on a particular trial at the Old Bailey.

The trial concerned one of the most questionable legal theses – the odious law relating to 'conspiracy to trespass', so precious to successive Attorney-Generals. It was probably most clearly brought into disrepute during the Peter Hain trial over the Stop the Seventies Tour campaign. But it has grown in usage, not to say bulged, since then. Thanks to the trial of the 21 Iranians this week, it might, like the frog in Aesop's fable, have become so puffed up that it has nothing to do but burst.

The Iranians – described, as one might have guessed, as 'students' despite the fact that they include several qualified professionals, a doctor, for one – went to the Iranian Embassy on 29 April 1974. It is, come what may, *their* embassy. All they did was to stage a non-violent sit-in which lasted at the most one quarter of an hour. They were on Iranian territory and might, within the law, have been killed. Killed in the way the nine people whose deaths they had been protesting against had been killed, at home in Persia.

It so happens, however, that despite any question of diplomatic immunity, and the right of refusal when the police want to come *into* an embassy, the embassy is entitled to ask for support from the local police whenever it feels in need of it. This is precisely what the Iranian officials in Princes Gate did. Twenty-one people were unceremoniously taken away by the Metropolitan Police and kept in jail for nine days. Then, the charge 'conspiracy to trespass' was made public.

They and their families suffered the usual misery, anxiety and harassment; they were visited, in the disguise of 'friends', by Savak, the Iranian secret police which deserves to go into the language every bit as much as the KGB. It was a familiar harassment; certainly familiar here to anyone with an Irish name and left-wing connections. Not unfamiliar to the Iranians, who knew in all too precise and bloody detail what they could face.

There were only ten Iranians in the dock this week, since the other 11 have had their passports removed and therefore could not, or would not, come here from Germany. They were archetypal in an oddly old-fashioned way. International students: which is to say that they wore anoraks and had beards. They stood pressed up together in a demeaning way: on parade, their hands clasped together behind their backs, as if ready for chains. One of them knew so little English that he needed to be nudged by one of his neighbours when the pleas were being heard. 'Say "Not Guilty".' 'Not Guilty,' he repeated.

As a matter of fact, though, they must have known that the case would be, as it eventually was, thrown out. A deal had been done some days earlier between the prosecution and the defence. There was, after all, precious little of a case in the first place. Conspiracy to trespass is a questionable charge at the best of times, and in this instance the trespass had not been in any sense a criminal one. It had been a peaceful, brief entry by foreign nationals on to their own territory.

So why did it happen at all? There are several possible answers – or a composite of them all is possible. The first, obviously preferred by the Iranian exiles themselves, by conspiracy theorists in general, and by the audience in the public gallery (which, interestingly, included several people who had been charged under the Incitement to Disaffection Act) is that the whole business was a political plot between the British Government and the Shah. It is certainly true that we, as they put it, 'kow-tow' to that unlovable monarch because he is oil-rich, and conveniently ignore his brutalised peasantry, his exile of those dissidents who are not stuffed into jail and permanently crippled by Savak torturers.

So it may, just may, be true that the Metropolitan Police are on standby for when Iranian students get 'a bit tiresome', as it is known. (Not that they are so thorough when, for instance, the Ukrainians behave in a similar manner – though of course the Ukrainians never penetrate the Soviet Embassy.) Another theory is that it was simply a muddle and never intended to go further than a magistrate's court, that the police were being over-zealous merely out of zeal, and that the delays were not deliberate, but the classic law's delays. And the most interesting theory about why it was all eventually called off is that Mr Sam Silkin has taken to heart the endless shafts of criticism against him and decided to make a 'liberal' gesture to shut everyone up.

There is one further interesting domestic aspect to the case. The Law Commission has reported, apropos conspiracy as a whole, that it had far better be abolished when it is a conspiracy to do something which is *not a crime*. So this could be the last conspiracy to trespass case which we shall see – happily. There is a snag: it is thought that Parliament would then introduce a new substantive offence of 'criminal trespass' relating to public buildings; and that this could have wider implications and perhaps even eventually be applied to squatters. But one might as well dance briefly on the grave of the old law, before mourning the advent of the new.

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London Diary

☐ How many interviews, I wonder, is the Prime Minister planning to give to celebrate his 60th birthday, which falls on 11 March? I thought I detected the first in a spirited but, from internal evidence, 'inspired' piece that William Davis wrote in last week's *Punch*. The voice may have been that of Davis but the hand at moments seemed to be definitely that of Wilson. What, for example, were the Prime Minister's plans for retirement? Suddenly an entirely new scenario was trotted out. It might have passed without general notice but, in fact, 'Rab' Butler was due to leave the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, in June 1978. It was a job, after all, to which Wilson himself in one of his earliest (and better) acts of patronage had appointed Rab in 1965. Why should not someone else 13 years later (preferably his own successor as a Labour prime minister) do the same good turn for him? I'm not saying that Davis had necessarily got it right: simply that it struck me as a typically Wilsonian way of damping down the renewed speculation that has built up in the past few weeks over when the Prime Minister intends to go. June 1978, after all, is a full year after the Queen's Silver Jubilee in June 1977. Who said the old hand had lost its cunning?

☐ I happened to see Lord Butler himself last weekend – and found him in wonderful mandarin form. He was much gratified by Wilson having told him recently that if he, rather than Alec Douglas-Home, had led the Tory Party into the 1964 election, the Tories would almost certainly have stayed in power for another four or five years – in which case, reflected Rab, Ted Heath would have come to office at least *capax imperii* rather than having been 'brought on too fast'. Rab also talked particularly kindly about Denis Healey – who, he thought on balance, was probably the best Chancellor since some other person (whose name modesty forbade both of us to mention) had served in the same office from 1951-55. But one shouldn't mock Rab: he still remains a highly perceptive fellow with a very shrewd political brain. He thought Margaret Thatcher, to whom his son Adam (such is the Tory blood-line) is now PPS, had done 'surprisingly' well; but he was sure the Tory Party was making a mistake in allowing itself to be identified with the 'vulgar' kind of profits currently being made by some City businessmen. 'Driving around in those vast cars and eating those enormous lunches' – the disdain (only just stopping short of scorn) would have done credit to any member of Wilson's own cabinet.

☐ Newspapermen always seem embarrassed in the presence of churchmen. It was rather that way on Tuesday at the 'unveiling' (if that's the right word) of Abbot Basil Hume of Ampleforth as the new Archbishop of Westminster. The Catholic Information Services had certainly done their best to put everyone at ease by holding the ceremony on Fleet Street's own territory, in the Press Club in fact; but even that couldn't stop all conversations being conducted in hushed whispers even before the new Archbishop actually appeared. The sense of unease continued once the press conference had started: it actually took 25 minutes for the boys to get to sex – which, when it finally reared its ugly head, may even have come as a relief to the Archbishop as until then he had found himself being asked such bewildered and baffling questions as 'What is your order of priorities for the fundamental problems facing this country?', or 'Do you think a swing to God has already started?'. Gaunt, ascetic – and rather like that other monk on the other episcopal bench, Trevor Huddleston – the new Archbishop at least has a nice smile. It made even me, however, slightly uneasy when, winding up a defence of private education, he used it to add as an afterthought: 'But then I'm in favour of all freedoms – even freedom of the press.'

☐ I hope that nobody will accuse me of seeing Papists under every bed if I draw attention to the remarkable fact that, following the replacement of Betty Boothroyd and Laurie Pavitt, seven out of the 15 Government Whips, led by the Chief Whip Bob Mellish, are now Roman Catholics. I am sure this heavy Roman influence had nothing to do with the recent unexpectedly large Commons vote in favour of reconstituting the controversial Select Committee on Mr James White's Abortion (Amendment) Bill – a reconvening which has led the six pro-abortion members of it to walk out. Or, in saying that, am I perhaps being naïve, or at least inconsistent? After all, aren't we constantly being warned, apropos the Communist Party, of how a few strategically-sited believers among a crowd of the uncommitted can always see to it that they get their way?

☐ Another inconsistency is worrying me this week. Robert Fisk had a splendid, old fashioned scoop in *The Times* last Monday about army personnel in Ulster impersonating journalists, even to the point of being issued with bogus press cards. All the predictable expressions of horror followed – including an indignant statement from Ken Morgan, the general secretary of the National Union of Journalists, about the consequent danger for a journalist 'of being put at rather more risk than he would otherwise be'. And so say all of us? Of course – except perhaps for one inconvenient fact. I haven't yet read any comment from Mr Morgan on the Press Council's condonation of the *News of the World*'s activities in allowing two of its reporters to pose as sex-show promoters in order to trap a Leicester sex club proprietor into taking part in a 'live' blue act with a 17-year-old girl. And, again, has Mr Morgan not heard of how journalists throughout Fleet Street masqueraded as ex-soldiers (even ex-SAS men) in order to break the story of just how the mercenaries in Angola were being recruited? The press, it seems to me, never looks in a very convincing position when it claims for itself protection that it has no intention of affording to others.

☐ I have never quite understood why the Socialist International should include Lee Kuan Yew's People's Action Party among its members. The capacity of his prisons to absorb political opponents seems fairly elastic, and his political legislation on dissent would not disgrace a Balkan Stalinism. The same thought seems to have occurred to the Dutch Labour Party, who are formally proposing Lee's expulsion from the SI. The Labour Party's international committee is still making up its mind, but by the time that the SI Bureau meets in Paris at the end of next month there should be a potential majority to recommend that the PAP and the comrades part company. It will not be before time: if the International is to pontificate about democratic rights in Portugal and Spain it had better put its own house in order.

☐ After a slow start, perhaps the fault of our stage-coach second-class post, the replies to our readers' questionnaire in the NS last week are gradually gathering momentum. So far, though, we have heard only from domestic subscribers and our overseas readers have still to weigh in. We are particularly interested in what they have to say and we shall certainly hold up any final tabulation of the results until we have had the chance of hearing from all those abroad, including the ones whose copies reach them by surface mail. Meanwhile if any readers (either at home or overseas) happened to miss last week's issue and would like to take part in what was designed as both a democratic and therapeutic exercise, would they write (including 20p plus the relevant postage) to the Publisher, The New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1? It would be nice to be able to say that they would 'hear something to their advantage'. From early returns I fear, however, that it is more likely to be to the disadvantage of

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A physical training programme sent to commanding officers suggests that sailors might be pulled away from their radar screens and 'armchair' controls to prove that they can run a mile and a half at a fair rate of knots. The exact rate depends on age. . . . It will be entirely voluntary, of course, assured an Admiralty spokesman at Portsmouth. 'But any man who refuses to take part might find his condition under suspicion and there are compulsory methods of tackling this.' – *Daily Telegraph* (G. M. Moger)

☐ When he gets a chance, Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn, our Secretary of State for Energy, likes to sit by an open fire at his home in Holland Park, London, sipping a large mug of tea and reading his official papers. His blazing grate is symbolic, an indication of sympathy with the miners. – *The Times* (E. Duckett)

☐ The Duke of Rutland, president of the Belvoir Hunt, said: 'If the time ever came when blood sports were abolished by law it would create unemployment in the rural areas.' – *The Times* (Penelope S. Judson)

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Jim Higgins

Tap, Tap, Who's There?

If there is one thing that unites the Left, of all stripes, like no other it is the deep conviction that their telephones are tapped. From the most timid premature anti-fascist, who has not signed anything since 1936, to the hairiest revolutionary from Clapham High Street, all believe that 'They' are listening to their calls. It may well be that the extreme Right suffer a similar unease but I do not speak to them, ever.

I recall one paranoid acquaintance of my early years who would occasionally tap the mouthpiece of his telephone handset with a pencil. The idea behind this eccentric behaviour, culled from a cheap American paperback, was to dislodge the needle on the recording machine. It was to no avail that I assured him the security forces were unlikely to be using equipment designed by Thomas Alva Edison and, if they were, it would require something like a sledgehammer to dislodge the needle.

Yet again, there was the report in *Socialist Worker* three or four years ago which retailed the story of a North London trade union militant who, having made one call, lifted the phone to make another, only to hear his previous conversation played back to him. A moment's thought might perhaps indicate that the Special Branch would also be unlikely to have playback facilities wired to Post Office lines. The only thing operating there, I think, was an overactive imagination.

It is true though that lines are monitored. The Post Office do it regularly to discover just how bad a service they are giving. Quite unofficially, rank-and-file telephone engineers do it to eavesdrop on fruity conversations. This last activity often results in every available engineer observing the call (there are dozens of possible interception points on any one telephone call). This so degrades the transmission as to make the caller shout loud enough to be heard without the aid of the telephone at all. Which usually ends the conversation – even the most endearing obscenities lose their charm if shouted and can lead to arrest.

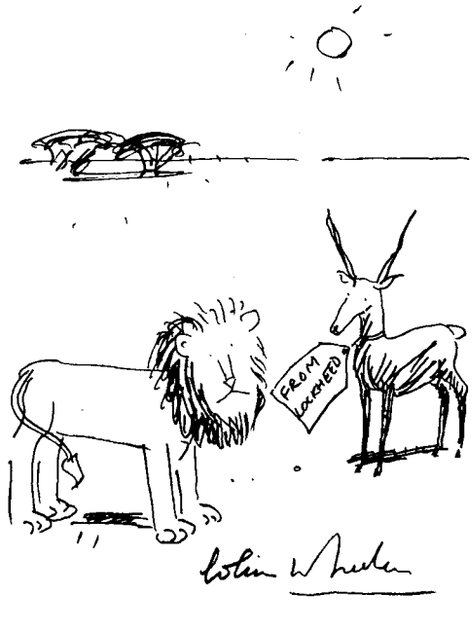
The Post Office also maintain equipment known as Printer Meter Checks. This monitors every call of those enraged by the size of their bill, or others thought to be up to a little fraud. The machine prints the time, number obtained, length of call and the metering sequence. It could presumably be used for nefarious state purposes but not very effectively.

But, to get to the meat of the thing, there is telephone tapping, both to apprehend criminals and root out subversives, and it is certainly more widespread than the Home Office will admit, although less than the Left imagine. In addition, it is not only concerned with crime or state security. During the Heath Administration, when the railway workers were getting set to make the Industrial Relations Act look silly, Mr Ray Buckton, of ASLEF, was informed by a friendly Post Office engineer that the telephones of his local officials were being tapped.

I am informed, by an eminent colleague, that when Ramsay MacDonald first took office in 1924 he too had his phone tapped, a mistake they presumably did not repeat in 1929. The same distinguished source also informed me that during the abdication crisis Edward VIII's phone calls were monitored on Stanley Baldwin's instructions.

For too many years I worked in various telephone exchanges and, over that time, I occasionally came across the men who install the taps. They were not dressed like us common or garden engineering workers, being much addicted to flat hats, riding mackintoshes and big boots. All of them also seemed to have taken a vow of silence when they got their warrant cards. On one occasion, I recall, two such elements came to the exchange I happened to be working in. True to form, they said nothing, neither asking nor getting permission to carry out their work. The job requires a fair amount of wiring on a main distribution frame – the place where all the street cables terminate – the stowing of amplifiers and other gear and the selection of a junction to their distant headquarters. When they completed this chore their last job was to plug the equipment into the mains and switch on. This they did and the whole bloody lot exploded in a pall of black smoke. Had they asked, or had they been less sinister looking, we might have told them that we were served by a DC main. Their AC-only equipment was just no good and a fire hazard into the bargain. Still not speaking, they packed their charred gear and left.

On yet another occasion, in another exchange, I came across a subscriber's fault card – there was a fault on the line – with a message in red ink to the effect that before any normal apparatus repair man was sent to the premises higher authority should be informed. Obediently I passed the message up the chain of command. Twenty four hours later two men arrived to deal with the problem. On examining the fault card one of them said: 'I can't go there – I used to repair his phone in Manchester.' There seemed to be some justice in this; eventually even the silliest subversive would think there was something fishy if his every phone all over the country was repaired by the same flat-hatted apparatus man. His mate, therefore, had to leave him behind and carry out the work unaided. In return for our man's uncharacteristic loquacity we rewarded him with a cup of tea and, if memory serves me right, a listen to a fruity conversation while he waited.



The clear implication here is, of course, that this particular phone was so wired, at the instrument, that not just his calls but the very room was open to bugging. Emil Burns, now deceased but once the Communist Party's leading theoretician, was reputed to have such a prestige device installed at his home, as I assume did other leading communists. In his case it must have required a high degree of Special Branch dedication to transcribe his particularly arid brand of Stalinist dialectics.

Nowadays they do not need to keep their equipment on open display in apparatus rooms. In most telephone exchanges there is a sinister locked room next to the cable vault which can be used to store such equipment. Access to the cables is easy and avoids the prying eyes of curious engineers.

I have not worked for the Post Office for some years now and techniques may have advanced a little since then but I think not. Just recently I was told of the experiences of the unfortunate Rudi Dutschke during his brief sojourn in our inhospitable shores. According to his various hosts it was only necessary to telephone to say he was on his way to somewhere for a loitering group of flatfoots to be found lurking at the supposed destination.

In America, where bugging is of course a fine art, state subsidised and encouraged, with private enterprise not lagging in the chase, they order these things much better. They now have a machine, according to the Communications Workers of America, that can monitor any American telephone line, anywhere, anytime. Now that is the real big time. But do not despair – Britain is not far behind. The new electronic wonder systems currently being installed in this country will, eventually, offer the same comprehensive bugging facilities.

If all this does your paranoia a drop of no good, try to think about it this way: if the Special Branch are really tapping the phones of every left-winger then there must be so many of them as to provide a new twist to the Keynesian solution to overproduction. In any case if you are daft enough to give the date, time and place for the revolution, or the secret plans to the Russians, over the telephone, you deserve to get caught.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Where the Nuts Come From

'Life is really very quaint,' muses the feather-brained Lady Kitty in Maugham's *The Circle*. 'Sad too, of course, but oh *so* quaint. Often I lie in bed at night and have a good laugh to myself when I think just how quaint life is.' True indeed, and quaint also are the innumerable disconnected trivia with which one's own feather brain is cluttered. Why should one uselessly remember that Queen Mary whistled a lot (when alone), or that the German for a potato pancake is *Kartoffelpuffer*, or that Ethel Smyth was once engaged to Oscar Wilde's brother, or that the lovely Mabel St John, prolific authoress of girls' school stories in the *Girls' Realm*, was in fact a man called Henry Cooper and that he was Gladys Cooper's brother?

In the 1930s when I was, via the BBC, inflicting on the listening public imitations of schoolmistresses – headmistresses giving an end-of-term speech, botany mistresses leading a nature ramble, etc. – I was conscientious and keen to get my scholastic facts right. This led to a close study of the matchless stories of Angela Brazil and also to what might be called Field Work, actual visits to girls' schools. It was simple enough to get gullible headmistresses to go into their routine by trumping up some imaginary god-daughter, a dear little scrap called Bumps now approaching school age and whose parents were abroad and had asked me to look about on their behalf. This behaviour, I now see, was both disgraceful and actionable but it brought some rich results.

One school was particularly rewarding. Surrey: 120 boarders; gravel soil (always a mysterious 'plus' in school prospectuses. Why? Purer water? Deeper drains? Less typhoid?). Church of England and a headmistress of whom the entire school was plainly terrified. This is as it should be. The prime function of a headmistress is to come unexpectedly round a corner and stumble on something discreditable.

Deep in chat, we went here, we went there. In the sick-room, a prostrate and white-faced patient, spotting Miss Winters (as I shall call her) and feeling that some sort of respectful gesture was required of her, suddenly sat bolt upright in bed, as cremated corpses are said to do in the initial stages. In the garden, we found, as I had hoped, two famished juniors entangled in the raspberry canes and desperately munching (order marks and impots galore).

We were walking along a passage, with Miss Winters waxing hot on the necessity for order and tidiness. 'A place for everything', she said, as though inventing it, 'and everything in its place'. Take macintoshes, for example. A special, large macintosh cupboard was an essential (we were evidently approaching it). Numbered pegs, each with its macintosh. Then one knew where one was. A hint of rain, a shouted command, a lightning dash to the cupboard, and there you were: every girl safely macintoshed. We stopped, and Miss Winters proudly flung open the cupboard door. Not a macintosh in sight. Not even any pegs to support them. But the cupboard was not empty. It contained a very large lawn-mower. Miss Winters was in no way defeated. 'Ah. Evidently some little administrative re-arrangement.' We swept on.

I was invited, and I can't think why, to stay for lunch. At Mademoiselle's French-speaking table the usual chat could be heard going on (*'Voulez-vous passer les verts'*). At the staff table we were a cowed little group. I longed to pour gin down their throats, and mine. Women are usually, as individuals, possessors of splendid senses of humour, but *en masse* humour tends to disappear. I attempted to lighten things. Pained looks, and serve me right.

In the afternoon, a lantern lecture, 'Our English Architectural Heritage', presented by a whiskery male nondescript and with Miss Beamish at the lantern's controls, ready to spring into action at the sound of the lecturer's clicker. The hall lights were extinguished and everything that could go wrong went wrong. Slides came in either in the wrong order or the wrong way up. By the time the latter were righted, the heat from the lamp had affected them and they started excitingly to boil and bubble and the colours ran. Miss Beamish, understandably overwrought, mistook almost any sound for a click. Four seconds of Chatsworth and away it shot, to be instantly replaced by Woburn: and that whizzed off before we had any time to drink in the splendours, and Hampton Court came juddering on upside down. Neither Miss Winters nor Whiskers himself seemed much to mind. Suddenly, a sharp cry from the apparatus. Poor Miss Beamish had singed herself.

I was reminded of the rather daunting atmosphere engendered on that gravel soil while reading Mary Cadogan and Patricia Craig's *You're a brick, Angela!*, an all-embracing survey of girls' fiction from 1839 to the present day (it will cost you £6.50). Here they all are – dear Miss Brazil herself, of course, the Susan Coolidge 'Katy' books, *Daddy-Long-Legs*, the Abbey School stories, Enid Blyton, and so on – all skilfully potted and ticketed. Messrs Gollancz, serious-minded and why not, have evidently requested their authoresses not to neglect the 'social implications' of the material under examination but all its jollity comes bursting through willy-nilly.

One would hardly care to be the oculists responsible for the well-being of the Cadogan-Craig eyesight. In the magazine field alone, small in print and sometimes pretty niggardly with the ink, they must have read many millions of words. But the sheer volume of the stuff available has not blinded them and they know a good thing when they see it. The publishers of *The Girls' Friend* had no doubt in which social stratum its readers lay and provided gripping yarns called 'Only a Barmaid', 'The Slave of the Shop', 'Madge o' the Mill' and 'Just a Laundry Girl'. There were also 'Winnie, The Workhouse Brat' and, grimly realistic, 'Outcast Effie, or They Made Their Blind Cousin Their Drudge'. Stock school stories were gingered up by the arrival of candid coloured girls, all goggle-eyes and bright ribbons (one of them was a Zulu chief's daughter), together with daredevil Irish colleens endlessly screeching 'begorrah!'

One has, naturally, a favourite moment. This is in one of Dorita Fairlie Bruce's 'Dimsie' books when a plump middle-school girl, anxious to improve her appearance, is caught by the headmistress stripped down to her knickers in school hours but spiritedly ready nevertheless to stand up for her rights: 'There's no school rule that I've ever heard of against trying on new corsets in the lower music-room.'

Roger Woddis

The Crunch

(Acknowledgments to W. H. Davis)

As part of its economy drive, the BBC has stopped issuing free biscuits to its staff during tea-breaks.

What is this life, once so free,
We have no biscuits with our tea?
No ginger-nuts or custard creams,
No crumbs for our production teams,
No lemon-puffs, because, alas!
The BBC is short of brass.

No buckshee cookies, sweet or plain,
No Osbornes when we feel the strain,
No Garibaldis, crisp and brown,
To lift us when we're feeling down.
Oh, has it really come to this,
Poor Auntie's pathogenesis?

Is her condition so acute
That there is no more arrowroot,
Her reticule so wafer-thin
That we must ban the biscuit-tin?
The Corporation, short of bread,
Is nineteen million in the red.

But penny-pinching cuts like these
Are not a cure for her disease;
A cuppa now is all we've got,
Albeit from a silver pot,
But this will hardly compensate
For passing round an empty plate.

What is this life if, after lunch,
We have no time to sit and munch?
No indigestive stodge, aside
From Parkinson and *Nationwide*:
A poor life this, if bankruptcy
Means no more bickies with our tea.

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Letters to the Editor

Socialists and Public Expenditure

Sir, When John Thatcher and Margaret Vaizey interchangeably advocate individualism and the sanctity of personal incomes, then it is not so much a 'revolutionary statement' as Professor Vaizey calls it (NS 13 February) but rather the most recent manifestation of the middle-class counter-revolution which is presently under way. Traumatised by the collapsing state of the British economy and hyper-inflation, the Labour intelligentsia is showing every sign of joining forces with mainstream Conservative theory. The agonising about the growth in public expenditure should be seen merely as the most recent scapegoat; consequently 'cutting back public expenditure' assumes a semi-mythical status only paralleled in recent debate by the EEC as the great panacea for the economic doldrums. Before we are swept along by the present myth it is worth remembering how the last one was to make industry competitive and open the European markets to British industry. John Vaizey and HMG should remember that, when they try telling Coventry car workers that they attach great importance to them being able to spend their own money how they wish.

What is alarming is the extraordinarily uncritical nature of the public expenditure debate, to which John Vaizey's piece is no exception. There is very little inspection of what public expenditure is actually all about, very little discussion of the nature of the private/public sector and the public/private sector. Instead we are simply told that the Left favours more public expenditure, with or without income controls, while the Right favours cutting it. And at this point it is worth saying that, however much cutting is disguised as technical pruning, this is precisely where John Vaizey and, more alarmingly, the Labour Government stand. While he, and presumably they, will talk – as the Labour Government has talked for some years now – of the need to get the priorities of production and egalitarianism established, in the real world, where real cuts are made, we need to be able to see where they are falling and where they will fall.

If we distinguish between those elements of government expenditure which affect production – capital injection into industry, aid for modernisation, declining areas etc. – from those elements which affect the reproduction of labour power – education, housing, health and welfare services – it is clear that reproduction is the easier and the more likely to be cut. When our children are less well educated, our health services pared, our housing problems unresolved and our social services stretched beyond their capacities, it is less easy to see and therefore to defend. Yet cutting back on the reproduction sector is like rack-renting a house. If you are lucky it will not actually fall down; but gradually and depressingly it will be found that nothing works properly – for the tenant can't, and the landlord won't, put in the necessary maintenance. Thus when all the rhetoric like 'commanding ideas' (an updated and even more abstract version of 'the commanding heights') about how to control the pattern and growth of public expenditure is over, the underlying proposal is to sacrifice social development for economic growth.

In compensation Vaizey advances 'being able to dispose of personal income' in the spirit of a Poujadiste abstraction, thereby offering a mythology of the joys of individualism and abandoning the pursuit of a just society where people can get the goods and services they need. To take one example, there is simply no way that working- or even middle-class people (unless they are wealthy enough to insure themselves to the hilt) can afford to pay for their potential individual need for health services.

But this right to dispose of personal income is not simply argued as a solution to the problems of economic growth; it is also offered as a solution to the all-pervasive bureaucratisation of society. At this point a conjuring trick is performed in the argument. Bureaucracy is nowadays seen by everyone as pretty much synonymous with sin. (Actually recent governments, whether Labour or Conservative, have been tremendously effective at expanding the bureaucratic tertiary, but no one wants to own to vice, so I will keep quiet about that.) However, the trick is to pretend that it is *only* the public sector – such as the eminently criticisable NHS – which is bureaucratic, so that cutting public expenditure will by definition get the evil bureaucrats off our backs. As everyone knows who has tried to get a piece of thoroughly capitalist-produced equipment – such as an electric kettle – repaired, bureaucracy is just as rampant in industry. There is not merely the growing army of faceless bureaucrats in Whitehall, but also the bureaucrats adjacent to the point of production, about whom there is remarkably little outcry. Hunting Whitehall excesses is a seductive pastime at which we can all play. Vaizey picks out the housing costs of ambassadors, and personally I would sell off the fancy horses at Regent's Park Barracks. What is important is the ideological smoke-screen this game affords in covering the excesses and bureaucracy of the private sector.

But, bureaucracy apart, are we getting value for money in public expenditure in the reproduction sector? The answer varies from social service to social service; in health, to consider briefly one example, Britain has spent one of the lowest percentages of GNP in any Western capitalist nation; yet the figures for morbidity and mortality have compared reasonably well. However, the position is beginning to slip; the effect of rack-renting the nation's health and stinting on the maintenance system is beginning to be felt. Infant mortality, that oldest of social indicators, is not falling as fast as in other industrial societies, and is even more inequitably distributed between social classes. But while cuts will not mechanically bring about the de-bureaucratisation of the social services, nor reorder ill-balanced priorities, it is worth reminding ourselves of what a superb health-care system we could have if we could make it less subservient to professional dominance and the technocracy.

Of course this would mean the development of socialist policies. Instead, there is a Labour government proudly presiding over an increasingly corporate state. The mutual inter-penetration of public and private capital, and their respective bureaucracies, in order to maintain production and profit is the bench-mark of a specific phase of late capitalist society. The defence of the social services, however much they stand to be criticised, must become an essential part of a struggle to maintain the standards of living and the quality of life of the working classes. For women who are doubly vulnerable to the economic crisis, both as paid workers within the production process and as unpaid workers within the reproduction process, the defence of the social services is doubly significant.

HILARY ROSE

University of Bradford

Faulty Towers

Sir, I have read Tom Forester's article (NS 13 February) with great interest and, generally, with agreement combined with horror at the scale of the problem he is presenting. I would like just to mention two points in extenuation of my own and the allied professions dealing with building:

(1) It has not always been possible to foresee design or construction faults very far ahead; for example, the consequences of building large structures in reinforced concrete very rapidly (a technique evolved with the aid of suitable plant in the Sixties) were, as we have discovered in the Seventies, unforeseen long-term movements in the frame. At least some of the failures mentioned by Mr Forester are attributable to such troubles. Nor is the problem of the missing hindsight a recent one; at least since the building of Quarry Hill flats in Leeds in the Thirties we have been faced with things falling off buildings because the faults were simply unknown, at least to the construction industry in general, when they were put up.

(2) 'Too many architects and builders are prone to cost-cutting at the design stage.' This is not by any means always their fault, certainly in the private building sector where my experience lies. Only too often the client steps in at this stage, having seen preliminary estimates, to say that 20 per cent or something of that sort must be removed from the cost. This generally means cheaper finishes and can involve poor insulation, bad jointing, dampness and condensation – in fact many of the defects mentioned by Mr Forester. Architects resisting this false economy tend to be replaced by those who are less resistant – and in many cases the client has no intention of keeping the ownership of the completed building and in consequence is not concerned with maintenance costs.

PETER H. BRADDOCK

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Arundel, Sussex

Is This Socialism?

Sir, Sir Keith Joseph (Letters 13 February) continues to attempt the perpetuation of two myths about socialism and the relationship between unbridled capitalism and individual freedom. His statement that 'Wherever revolutionary socialism has gained control, freedom has been extinguished' implies that what preceded the advent of the Eastern European, Chinese, and Cuban planned economies was freedom and democracy as those terms are generally understood in this country. Come, come, Sir Keith, can you be so ignorant of the nature of the dictatorial regimes which dominated much of central Europe and the Balkans before 1945?

How free was Hungary under Admiral Horthy, or Rumania under Antonescu? Where was social justice in King Boris's Bulgaria, or in Leipzig and Dresden under Hitler? Were Batista and Chiang Kai-shek paragons of democratic virtue? The overthrow of democracy by Left dictatorships has been the exception rather than the rule. One cannot say the same for right-wing dictatorships when one remembers the fate of Republican Spain, Weimar Germany and the recent history of Greece and Chile.

Of course we socialists would dismiss that other myth of Sir Keith's: that so-called free enterprise without constraints adds up to a free society. This is because the socialist would deny the right of the abundantly rich, usually as the result of the labour of others, to pre empt the national resources in order to provide privileged education for the offspring of the few and pay beds and medical aids for the

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well-to-do, especially in National Health Service hospitals paid for by taxes on the many. Nor do socialists accept that investment decisions taken by private speculators and adventurers add up to the maximisation of the public good. Far from it. It is not too much public spending or too much socialism which has given us, here on Merseyside and elsewhere, the social deprivation of appalling housing conditions and slum schools. It has not been too much economic planning which has given us the steady toll of pensioners dying of hypothermia.

It was just this type of laissez-faire capitalism which provided us with so many of the social and economic problems with which we are forced to wrestle today, and which created an Empire in which freedom to exploit was the hallmark. The legacy of poverty, disease, and illiteracy with which so many Third World countries now have to contend is a direct consequence of the freedom Sir Keith now lauds. If he prefers to bury his head in the sand, so be it. Socialists, however, will continue to face the reality of a world of continuing class struggle, of inequality and transcontinental monopoly capitalism. Sir Keith's philosophy is a throw-back to a past of which we cannot be proud.

ROBERT N. WAREING
President, Liverpool City Labour Party
70 Victoria Street
Liverpool

Public School Tribalism

Sir, It has become conventional for the aggrieved author to complain that the reviewer has not bothered to read his book. But Jonathan Raban convicts himself out of his own mouth, in his review of Simon and Bradley's *Victorian Public School* (NS 19 December, which has just reached here). In his second paragraph he complains that 'not one single one of the contributors' to this book appears to be aware of the anthropological parallels between public school institutions and rituals and those of primitive societies. Yet he did not need to read any further than page 22 of this book to see this point made at some length.

One realises that the main point of Mr Raban's review was autobiographical (how else would his first letter home from King's School, Worcester, ever have achieved publication?) but it is noteworthy – and, of course, not mentioned by Mr Raban – that even the Victorian public school status of that school is challenged in Chapter 2 of this book. Too much to expect Mr Raban to have read that far into a book he pretended to be reviewing.

J. R. DE S. HONEY
Dept of Education
University of Rhodesia

Subsidising the 'Listener'

Sir, Crucifer in replying to my letter (NS 13 February) has shifted his ground. He now presumably accepts that BBC Publications does not make substantial losses, and is in the process of making a decent profit, which will go towards increasing, not reducing, the income available to the BBC for making programmes.

Now to his other point. The loss BBC Publications incur on the *Listener* is in fact only slightly higher now, in real terms, than that which Sir Hugh Greene indicated when he gave evidence to the Public Accounts Committee 14 years ago.

The problem which all publishers face in fixing the price of their periodicals is how to minimise the prospective loss or maximise the prospective profit and, at the same time, to do as little damage as possible to their circulation. In the case of BBC Publications, as Crucifer well knows, we are nowadays inhibited from adjusting our prices accordingly, as we might otherwise wish, by the fact that publishing operations of the size of ours are all subject to overall price control. Following our last application to the Prices Commission, last year, the cover price of the *Listener* went up by 3p. The *Listener* was and is treated as only a part of the total business, and Crucifer must surely approve of the process of applying price increases across our whole journal and book publishing operation so as to secure as healthy a profit as possible within the maximum permitted reference limits.

The present loss on the *Listener* remains a tiny percentage of the net turnover of BBC Publications. We believe that the *Listener* provides a valuable service by preserving in print some of the best of the BBC's programmes and by offering a forum for serious comment on and criticism of broadcasting, and that the cost of sustaining it is a proper use of a small part of the profit from the whole range of BBC Publications.

KENNETH LAMB
Director, Public affairs
BBC
Broadcasting House
London W1

CRUCIFER *writes*: Mr Lamb continues to lead with his glass chin. My point remains the same as it always was – that since the *Listener* is making a substantial loss (and 'in real terms' £40,000 a year in 1962 must mean nearly £120,000 p.a. today) it is unfair, as well as inept, trading for it to compete on the bookstalls at a totally unrealistic cover price. Mr Lamb may choose temporarily to retire behind the Prices Commission. But the fact is that the BBC pursued the identical 'secret subsidy' policy before and, no doubt, will continue to do so again – with much the same careless abandon as Mr Lamb shows in ignoring (or is he denying?) the £29,000 overall loss that BBC Publications made in 1974/75 on top of a £14,000 loss the previous year. Roll on that £30m. deficit!

Immigration Officers

Sir, Mr Slater of the Bradford Community Relations Council (Letters 13 February) rebukes me for protesting at the immigration officer's exclusion of the Punjabi Piara Singh from his daughter's wedding. Perhaps he does so rightly; I have no idea, and that was the burden of my complaint. Mr Slater rightly says that I do not know whether the immigration officer's disbelief of Mr Singh's story was justified. This is absolutely so. The whole nature of my complaint was that both the court and the judge were left in similar ignorance, since Mr Singh's statement to the immigration officer was not admitted in evidence, nor the reasons for the immigration officer's rejection of it. In the end it seems to have been persuasive enough, since Mr Singh got himself to the church on time.

Mr Slater seems to think I was arguing about immigration policy; I was arguing about bureaucratic accountability to the courts.

JAMES CAMERON
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The Ballad of Lime Grove

Sir, The note by Crucifer (London Diary 6 February) implied that *Nationwide* (BBC-1) which shows concern for the rights of individuals is insensitive to the rights of those who deal with it.

The facts are that *Nationwide* interviewed the winner of a recent *Sunday Times* ballad competition, featured his ballad, and sampled others offered by the organisers. Before transmitting any of the unsuccessful entries, the programme staff tried to contact the writers. It did not name those it could not trace; they may not have wished to be named. Mr Hamill, whose case is quoted by Crucifer, was telephoned and then telegraphed without success; he was not named. There was no question that he would not be offered a fee for the use of his material.

Admittedly several days elapsed before I finally talked to Mr Hamill on the telephone: an amicable conversation as I recall. This was one week before Crucifer burst into indignant print.

STUART WILKINSON
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BOOKS & ARTS

Bruce Page

The Children's Crusade

Thalidomide: My Fight by DAVID MASON
Allen & Unwin £3.95

Thalidomide was always a disagreeable compound – tricky to handle in the laboratory, unpredictable in its effect, biochemically mysterious to this day. During the mid-Fifties, some of the world's lesser and least-experienced pharmaceutical concerns became enthused with thalidomide's supposed potential as a sleeping-pill. Notoriously, that enthusiasm wreaked dreadful havoc. The richness of mythic encrustation round the subject is measured by the fact that people are generally surprised to hear that thalidomide had really very little to do with the pharmaceutical industry as such. The report of the Monopolies Commission on the pricing of Librium and Valium has combined in the public mind with the stark message of *Thalidomide and the Power of the Drug Companies* (this was one of Neil Middleton's most neatly-turned titles and quite a seller in its day).

Without doubt the drug companies have power, and some of them may misuse it. But thalidomide, as it happens, wasn't produced by one of the great concerns like Bayer (whose history goes back to the first barbiturates some seventy years ago). It came from Chemie Grunenthal, an offshoot formed shortly after the war by a West German soap-maker anxious to move in on the antibiotic boom. The chief promoter of the substance in this country was not ICI or Beecham, but Distillers Company (Biochemicals) Ltd, or DCBL – an outfit of much pharmaceutical obscurity until the disaster occurred.

DCBL's parent, the Distillers Company, is in the drug business only if you include Gordon's and Johnny Walker under that definition. Rather like Grunenthal's parent, Distillers became interested in pharmaceuticals through making antibiotics – which, unlike drugs, are natural products. Even before they were made to pay heavy compensation to the people who were injured by thalidomide, Distillers had grown discouraged by their venture into the unpredictable world of synthetic molecules, and sold off the remains of DCBL.

Are myths harmful? Not entirely. But if people are seriously concerned about the doings of such firms as Hofmann-La Roche, it won't help much to go round thinking that the thalidomide debacle was in some way due to them. Myths are sometimes encouraged in order to simplify desperately complicated experiences, and to provide hope and inspiration for people who face difficult or intolerable problems. David Mason's book about his part in the campaign to get compensation for the British victims of thalidomide may be regarded as a mythical work in those senses. Though not specifically untruthful, it certainly oversimplifies heroically. But its effect, if placed in the hands of some other individual oppressed by corporate power, should be one of encouraging resistance.

The story is billed as being:

> what happened to a private family man, shocked into anger, who took on a multi-million pound corporation, and clung on doggedly – some say stupidly – until he won.

The myth of the singlehanded crusade is always an attractive one – the question here is whether it is close enough to the truth to provide a reasonable guide to action for anyone who is inspired by Mason's example.

Any such reader will perhaps notice a certain absence of nuts-and-bolts. At the beginning of his campaign Mr Mason set out to 'involve the British press – and television and radio – as they have rarely been involved in their history'. Yet the reader never quite discovers how it is done: all that seems necessary is to cast round for the name of a 'big wheel', or to wait for a mysteriously omniscient man from the Insight team to show up offering 'the resources of the *Sunday Times*'.

The reader will not discover anything about the reasoning that led editors such as Harold Evans of the *Sunday Times* and David English of the *Daily Mail* to print the articles and run the risks that they did. They appear simply as minor versions of Mason himself: square-jawed, impatient figures, acting on instinct, and brushing argument aside. Most of the lawyers in the story are, quite properly, kitted out in black hats. But there are some Goodies – and we never find out what arguments they use, or how they mount their cases in court. Nor is the reader told much about the sayings and doings of MPs such as Jack Ashley and Gerald Vaughan, except to the extent that they too appear as spear-carriers in various scenes mounted by David Mason.

Self-regard is not the worst of offences, and anyone who was involved in the thalidomide campaign can read David Mason's account with wry tolerance. But self-regard can become elevated into something unhappily close to *Führerprinzip* – and as one of the journalists mainly concerned with the campaign at the *Sunday Times*, I find some of Mason's propositions quite unacceptable. He quotes A. J. P. Taylor as saying that the campaign was 'a witch hunt, an exploitation of popular feelings such as the late Dr Goebbels would have rejoiced to direct'. Unhappily, Mason's reply is: 'I suppose he was not far wrong. But clamour was necessary.' I, for one, am not ready to be signed up into the same business as Goebbels – which makes it necessary to point out that the thalidomide campaign was really a good deal more complicated than this hectic version suggests.

Technically, two people made the campaign possible. One of them, James Evans – legal adviser to Times Newspapers – gets a small walking-on part in the Mason version. The other, an actuary named John Prevett, does not appear at all. Prevett was the expert witness in the legal 'test cases' which decided the original and grossly inadequate levels of compensation. The inadequacy was due to Mr Justice Hinchcliffe's rejecting Prevett's actuarial calculations of income-loss in favour of some utterly mysterious system of personal arithmetic.

In 1971 Prevett published two long articles in the *Modern Law Review* which analysed the financial implications of the thalidomide settlement as imposed by Distillers. They were abstract and complicated, and not a bit like anything Dr Goebbels ever produced. But they provided for the first time a really solid basis for critical attack on Distillers' position.

This was one formidably entrenched within the legal system as it then existed. They were a wealthy and strong-minded corporation (quite capable, for instance, of turning down government appeals for dividend restraint). They had no further interest in the pharmaceutical industry or its problems. They had always denied negligence, and it was clear that to mount a case against them on this issue would require financial and intellectual resources on a scale rarely deployed in English personal-injury litigation. They were prepared to take the point that in English law it is questionable whether a duty of care can be owed to a person not yet born (perhaps as distasteful a piece of logic-chopping as could readily be imagined). And all their actions were shrouded in secrecy, for the sub-judice rules as then interpreted excluded comment of any sort on a lawsuit still in progress.

This view was shared by lawyers acting for the plaintiff families, who cooperated vigorously in warning off journalists. At the end of 1971 the *Daily Mail* began a series of articles explaining the way in which Mason (and other parents who refused to accept the terms that Distillers were offering) were being threatened with loss of their rights to make legal decisions on their children's behalf. Pressure from the Attorney-General brought the *Mail* series to a premature end.

James Evans's particular contribution was to devise a legal strategy which removed the curtain of secrecy from Distillers' actions. In essence, this was to argue that the moral purpose of a legal action might be freely discussed quite separately from the validity of the facts upon which it might be based. (There was, after all, little chance of an actual test of facts, because the plaintiffs could not find the resources.) Predictably, there was much legal and quasi-legal argument on this issue, going up through the appeal system to the House of Lords. The divergence was between those judges who saw the law as a perfect, or near-perfect, system – as did Lord Diplock, for whom a legal right appeared to be exactly congruent with a moral right – and the late Lord Reid, to whom the law was one part of a more complex system of social regula-

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tion. In the Reid view, which prevailed, the exaction of a legal right may well be a socially intolerable act.

I think it doubtful that any public company would have attempted to act as Distillers did for many years – had it not been for the vital curtain of secrecy imposed through the sub-judice rules. What appeared to A. J. P. Taylor and some other critics as an outburst of dreadful unreason was not quite so: it was an efflorescence of public emotion, evoked by the discovery that something entirely unreasonable had been going on for a long time while hardly anybody knew anything about it.

No one reading David Mason's book could fail to be impressed by his energy and his inner-directed courage. There is no doubt that he played a critical role in the thalidomide campaign: first, because he stood together with four other families who refused to be compelled into accepting an offer they did not think right so far as the children were concerned (and as Mason was the only one who could finance the necessary legal conflict, his stand was the essential one); second, because in the later stages of the campaign he provided an endlessly energetic focus of attention for those who sympathised with the parents.

The disservice his book does – and it occurs because in many respects David Mason was presumably too impatient to discover what was going on around him – is that it represents the thalidomide campaign as a victory for unreason and illicit emotionalism. That, from the start, was the *canard* put out by supporters of the other side.

Francis Wyndham

The Bostonian

Poems and Plays by V. R. LANG with a memoir by Alison Lurie *Heinemann* £4.75

Alison Lurie's reputation as a sharp, subtle and unusually enjoyable writer was established in this country where her first book, *Love and Friendship*, was highly praised by the critics in 1962. This reputation was consolidated by its successors, *The Nowhere City*, *Imaginary Friends* and *Real People*, then more widely recognised two years ago when *The War Between the Tates* became a best-seller in her native America. Meanwhile, some of her admirers had become aware of the existence of another, rather mysterious work, which preceded the novels in date and (according to reports from the initiated) possibly surpassed them in distinction but which had been privately printed and was therefore tantalisingly difficult to obtain. This was a short memoir of her friend Bunny Lang, an attractive, talented and slightly eccentric young woman who had died of cancer in 1956 at the age of 32. Although during her lifetime Bunny Lang achieved only a local celebrity in Boston and New York, she had made a deep impression, both stimulating and disruptive, on a generation of lovers, disciples, confidantes and hangers-on, as well as on a group of writers, many of whom later became well-known: apart from Alison Lurie herself, these included such members of the 'New York school' of poets as John Ashbery, Frank O'Hara and Kenneth Koch. Some of her poems were published in little magazines and she was the moving spirit behind the Poets' Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where two of her own plays were produced. Now, after nearly twenty years, the memoir has been made public, as an introduction of the collected literary remains of its subject.

Most of us have known a Bunny Lang in our lives: a generous egotist of either sex, unreasonably demanding but invariably rewarding, something between a figure of fun and an object of reverence, always a source of intense interest. Such people tend to express their formidable talents mainly in the act of living, and after their deaths a scarcity of textual evidence makes it difficult for strangers to understand exactly in what their fascination lay; for it is often the imperfectly productive who exert the greatest influence over their contemporaries. Stunned by the loss of her friend, and aware that this loss was somehow more than personal, Alison Lurie might have been tempted to perpetuate her memory as a character in a novel. Of all literary forms, the biographical memoir may be the hardest to transmute into a work of art. It demands every gift necessary to the creative novelist apart from pure invention, while forbidding any trace of artificial aid or relief in fictional licence. To justify its existence, it must avoid both the piety of an official obituary and the facile spite of posthumous 'revelations', while resisting the temptation to indulge in nostalgic sentiment. Alison Lurie was wise to choose this perilous (if superficially modest) course: her memoir is a work of art which, though remaining scrupulously faithful to actual experience, gives Bunny Lang the kind of complex vitality we associate with our favourite heroines in fiction.

Bunny Lang loved travesty, disguises, what children call 'dressing up'; her life was like a charade in which the separate syllables never quite coalesce into one identifiable word. 'Playing parts,' Alison Lurie writes,

> was no trouble to Bunny, for she had enough energy to make a whole person out of each casual appearance. In fact, she had too much, so that she seemed the most compact, real, understandable character in her most casual roles, the ones she spent least time on. Her 'real' self, on the other hand, was full of impossible contradictions.

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Hamish h h Hamilton

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These opposing selves, real and assumed, defined themselves and occasionally blended in a series of arbitrary apparitions: as a Boston socialite, a Bohemian party-giver, an ambitious poet, a lavish patron, a bossy organiser of other people's lives, a penniless chorus-girl, a wounded lover, a funny fag-hag, a contented wife. It is hard to say to what extent these performances depended on the presence of an audience, because it appears that she always, metaphorically speaking, played to a full house: there was nothing vulgar, nothing anxious, about her exhibitionism. In spite of the apparent fact that the public and private sectors of her personality were less separate than is sometimes the case, Bunny Lang was capable of reticence: Alison Lurie was clearly surprised when she tried to read a packet of her friend's old love letters and was firmly warned off.

This book provides a valuable juxtaposition: Alison Lurie shows us Bunny Lang as she appeared to her friends and the outside world, while the poems and plays of V. R. Lang show us the same person as she saw herself, with a glimpse of the outside world as it appeared to her. Her writing expresses a restless intelligence seeking the discipline of classical elegance, a vulnerable sensibility adopting the mask of a cool, elegiac wit. The poems are more memorable for their parts than for any completely satisfying whole: phrases, images, ideas from them remain with one to tease, to disturb and sometimes to delight. Her talent is more stretched and also more sustained in the two verse plays, which constitute her best work. The heart may sink on hearing that *Fire Exit* retells the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice against such modern backgrounds as Miami Beach and a burlesque house in New Jersey: I remember being bored years ago by Anouilh's transposition of the same myth to a station hotel, and Cocteau of course has had a bash at it as well. But Lang's play has a remarkable freshness, both in her discovery of poetic content in show-business vernacular and in her understanding of the selfishness of artistic genius. The emphasis is laid on the plight of Eurydice (the genius's taken-for-granted and falsely romanticised wife) *before* she disappears: the point being that he never really looked at her at all. After reading Alison Lurie's hilarious account of the play's first production, with Bunny Lang directing, producing, designing the costumes and sets, arranging the music and lighting, doing the publicity, managing the theatre and choosing the cast (giving herself, needless to say, the star role of Eurydice), one is prepared to be disappointed by the printed text; but *Fire Exit* might well succeed in revival today, and not only because of its feminist slant.

I Too have Lived in Arcadia is finer still. Here again, one has been primed with dangerous knowledge by the memoir: it was written as an act of revenge after a disastrous and somewhat farcical love affair with a New York painter who couldn't survive the rarefied atmosphere of Bunny's Boston. And here again, one is pleasantly surprised by the originality and confidence with which she handles the form – in this case, mock pastoral. The painter becomes Damon and Bunny becomes Chloris; Boston becomes an idyllic island off the Newfoundland coast; and the painter's former girl-friend becomes Phoebe, who arrives from the city to destroy the lovers' Arcadian experiment. Phoebe's accomplice is a French poodle called Georges, who says of Damon: 'Une autre fois, il était le plus sauvage. Une autre fois, il creusait tout.' (As on other occasions with Lang, whimsy threatens here but is controlled into wit.) There is certainly nothing whimsical about Chloris's lament when she has been left alone on the island:

> I was at fault. I was too serious.
> All we can do for each other is to
> this purpose,
> To keep the sand between our feet,
> which tears
> Away from us, and guts the shore.
> We can do more, but not for love.
> We do it by ourselves.

Paul Theroux

Bliss

The Pleasure of the Text by ROLAND BATHES translated by Richard Miller *Cape* £2.50

A lot of us down here in Catford Mucilage have been so busy putting the finishing coat to our latest bumper-sticker ('Honk If You Love Jesus!' – one of the new Festival of Light numbers) that we haven't had a chance to read Roland Barthes's last book, *S/Z*, though I enjoy saying the title. Now along comes *The Pleasure of the Text* and hey, it's not Queenie Leavis, but it's an awful lot of fun.

Basically, it's about how you get a kick out of reading a book. You got your text, you got your writer, you got your reader. It sounds simple, like a bumper-sticker. Only it isn't. Basically, it isn't because you also got your tmesis, your logosphere, your sociolect, your erethism and your metalanguage. For example, if you see *Arsenal Are Wankers* scribbled on the loo up Catford you might think you have an answer to Barthes's riddle: 'How *exteriorise* the world's jargons without taking refuge in an ultimate jargon wherein the others would simply be reported, recited?' Good question! But the thing is: 'the text liquidates all metalanguage', so you're more or less back where you started.

Down here we say, 'I got a kick out it', up in Dulwich they say, 'I got a charge out of it', but in France they get *jouissance*, and when Barthes describes how he reads a book he sounds like a groper, which is not amazing because when he describes how a novelist writes a book he makes the novelist sound like a flasher. Gropers and flashers, that's the literary history of our age; lower the temperature and you've got *Writing Degree Zero*, or brass-monkey weather fiction-wise and getting caught with your pants down as well. But this Barthes, he's got nerve. 'The text you write must prove to me *that it desires me*.' I was just about to say, 'How about the text *you* write, fella?' when he hit me another junk shot:

> The pleasure of the text is like that untenable, impossible, purely *novelistic* instant so relished by Sade's libertine when he manages to be hanged and then to cut the rope at the very moment of his orgasm, his bliss,

and this flash I got of a man getting topped and tossed, caused, as Barthes says later, 'a momentary desquamation' of my 'hackles'. Barthes gets right into the text, feels it up, goes down on it, swaps a little spit and makes reading something like the ultimate in boom-boom: 'In perversion (which is the realm of textual pleasure) there are no "erogenous zones" (a foolish expression besides)' – you said it. This guy is dynamite; I wouldn't let him near my library much less my sister.

When someone gets thrills that cheap you begin to wonder: what's his secret? And will any old text do? Apparently it happens in the most unlikely places:

> In *Bouvard and Pecuchet* I read this sentence, which gives me pleasure: 'Cloths, sheets, napkins were hanging vertically, attached by wooden clothespins to taut lines' – this is a kind of maniacal exactitude of language.

I read that sentence two or three times and started to wonder: Hey, what if that laundry was hanging horizontally? But before I got time to chew that over, I ran across another example:

> I personally take pleasure in this sentence of Leibnitz: '. . . as though pocket watches told time by means of a certain *horodeictic* faculty, without requiring springs, or as though mills ground grain by means of a *fractive* quality, without requiring anything of the order of millstones.'

The funny thing is: they do.

Another terrific item, which was a tmesi like no tmesis I have ever seen, was a kinc of tension in the book itself; or, as Barthe would put it, *in the book itself*, being a dal hand with italics. You open the book, anc what do you see on the first page bu Richard Howard ('A Note on the Text' saying:

> The French have a distinguishing advantag . . . Roland Barthes, a Frenchman throug and through . . . the French have a vocabu lary of eroticism . . . In English, we hav either the coarse or the clinical, and b tradition our words for our pleasures, eve for the intimate parts of our bodies whe we may take those pleasures, come awl wardly when they come at all . . . we lac *jouissance* and *jouir*.

Just as the French lack *shagging*, *jell rolling* and *getting in the saddle*. But it not as simple as that, because halfwa through the book, Barthes begins grousir about French like Howard was grousir about English:

> *Pleasure of the text, text of pleasure*: the expressions are ambiguous because Fren has no word that simultaneously cove pleasure (contentment) and bliss (raptur

Among this week's contributors:

BRUCE PAGE is co-author of *Philby* and *Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich?*

FRANCIS WYNDHAM's collection of short stories *Out of the War* was published last year.

PADDY KITCHEN is the author of *A Most Unsettling Person*, a life of Patrick Geddes.

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> Therefore, 'pleasure' here (and without our being able to anticipate) sometimes extends to bliss, sometimes is opposed to it. But I must accommodate myself to this ambiguity . . . I cannot avoid this ambiguity because I cannot cleanse the word 'pleasure' of meanings I occasionally do not want. . .

When Barthes groans, 'One out of every two Frenchmen . . . does not read', he's really saying: Look at all the fun they're missing; and though on the evidence of this book I would say that two out of every two Frenchmen do not write, I think the reason might be, as Barthes puts it neatly, 'The writer is someone who plays with his mother's body', and you can hardly blame them for refusing.

'I am interested in language because it wounds or seduces me. Can that be class eroticism?' No, Roland, you're a man just like every other man. You have desires and you shouldn't grieve over them. You wanted to explain why you liked to read and you've done that, in spades, with knobs on. It's nothing to be ashamed of, and to the old motto 'If you can't get a woman get a clean old man' you can add 'and if you can't get a clean old man get Leibnitz'. You're about as academic as Arfa in the paste department, as we say at Catford Mucilage – Arfa, with his off-the-wall theories and his gut-reactions. But more than that, you've put new teeth on an old saw. Writing is sensual, let's admit it. Your 'language lined with flesh', your 'voluptuousness of vowels', your 'whole carnal stereophony', the way your text sweats – 'it granulates, it crackles, it caresses, it grates, it cuts, it comes: that is bliss'. What a pleasure it is to hear that when a guy says he's going to curl up with a nice book he means every word of it.

John Naughton

Eagle Eye

The Body Electric: Patterns of Western Industrial Culture by JONATHAN BENTHALL *Thames & Hudson* £6.50

With a title borrowed from Walt Whitman and an analytical method culled from Marx, Mr Benthall has set out to demonstrate how his vision of a truly 'human' technology might be realised. Before rushing to award him the Nobel peace prize, however, it's as well to remember that his vision is – on his own admission – shared by the editors of that noted philosophical journal, the *Eagle*, to which periodical the opening seven pages of *The Body Electric* are exclusively devoted. With friends like Dan Dare, Professor Peabody and the Therons, Mr Benthall has no need of enemies; which is a pity, since he has an interesting if not entirely unfamiliar case to argue.

Briefly stated, it goes like this: as citizens of the modern world we are caught in the crossfire between two extreme, entrenched intellectual positions. On the one hand there is what Benthall calls 'The Romance of Technology'; on the other there is what he calls 'The Body'. Now it is not entirely clear what Benthall understands by these terms, and indeed from time to time he cheerfully invokes what can only be called Humpty Dumpty's licence by insisting that they mean only what he wants them to mean. In fact, each represents a kind of literary holdall, the former standing for a technocratic *Weltangschauung* which tries to reduce everything to objects, the latter corresponding to Dr Leavis's idea of

> all that deep spontaneous life which is not at the beck and call of the conscious and willing mind, and so in that sense cannot be controlled by it, though it can be thwarted and defeated.

Mr Benthall's main effort goes into illustrating (documenting is too strong a word) what is implied by these two contrasting ways of seeing. In dealing with the technocratic view, he is inevitably rather short on literary or artistic sources, but he makes do, with a series of exemplars ranging from the painter Joseph Wright, Jules Verne and H. G. Wells to Jacques Ellul and the ubiquitous Reyner Banham. Not surprisingly 'The Body' fields a much stronger team, from whom Benthall selects Blake, Rimbaud, Yeats and D. H. Lawrence to open the batting. And he identifies at least two artists, Walt Whitman and, to a lesser extent, Saul Bellow, as managing to have a foot in both camps.

Faced with the contradiction between these opposing views, what is modern man to do? Benthall points out very sensibly that a blind rejection of either (*à la* Leavis) does not constitute an authentic choice. But it is less clear what he would have us do. Sometimes he seems to favour a new, 'critical science' along the lines suggested by J. R. Ravetz. More often, he advocates a strange activity called 'deconstruction', by which he means a *judicious* dismantling of certain anti-human features of technocracy while retaining its good features. But this is a highly subjective business and it leads to some strange paradoxes. Benthall, for example, cites mechanical vibrators as an example of a depersonalising technology while simultaneously maintaining that computer dating may develop into a truly liberating influence on our society. It sounds admirable, but the idea is not focused sharply enough for even the estimable Professor Peabody to get a critical grip on it.

David Leitch

Stripes

The Tiger: The Life of Georges Clemenceau 1841-1929 by EDGAR HOLT *Hamish Hamilton* £8.50

Clemenceau was perhaps the only Third Republic leader unreservedly installed in de Gaulle's Gallic pantheon. The General would refer to the 'Tiger' in moments of illumination – when exhorting a questionably legal Algiers court to pass the death sentence in March 1944 on Pierre Pucheu, the former Vichy minister, for example. It was partly a question of identification. When he found himself 'rejected' after the second war the General's mind naturally turned to Clemenceau's own narrow failure to become president in January 1920. The politicians, de Gaulle later wrote in his memoirs, had ditched the old 'Tiger', because they preferred 'confusion to greatness'.

The suggestion that Clemenceau himself was somehow not a political animal, though bearing no relation to the facts, was necessary for a man who believed politics were too sacred to be left to politicians. Clemenceau for his part held the more conventional view that war was too important to be left to generals, and that when it came to peace treaties they should be circumvented altogether. Hence his famous debate with Foch over the Rhineland frontier, which lasted until the grave, and beyond.

But all this, as Edgar Holt's study reminds us, was to do with Clemenceau's final phase, which began only when he became prime minister in November 1917. By then he was in his seventy-seventh year. Earlier stages were charted by the cartoonists, to whom this son of the Vendée, duellist, *boulevardier*, erstwhile revolutionary, journalist and, above all, survivor, was always a joy. Until the early 1900s his sobriquet was 'Ministry-Breaker'. He graduated to 'Tiger' and then, in apotheosis after 1918, to 'Father of Victory', a title to which the French psyche responded.

His first spell in office did not come until he was 65 – interior minister, 'premier flic

RELUCTANT JUDAS

GEOFF ROBERTSON's book tells the whole disturbing story of Kenneth Lennon, his links with the IRA, his use by the Special Branch and the blunders that led to his murder. (Lennon was the subject of the recent television film 'Death of an Informer'.)

'Admirable clarity and impact . . . Disquieting facts are certainly disclosed . . . those in high places were of necessity involved.' *The Times*

'Great clarity and insight.' *New Statesman*

'Important and well documented.' *Irish Times*

maurice temple smith £2.25 paperback, £4.25 cased

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de France', and ruthless breaker of the 1906 CGT miners' strike. He justified his actions in the historic (verbal) duel with Jaurès, the socialist leader, contrasting 'the fairy palaces' of utopian socialism with 'the great Republican cathedral' he was humbly labouring to build.

Extraordinary to think that as a young man his political mentor had been the same Louis-Auguste Blanqui who in 1839 had come so close to pulling off an armed coup against the July monarchy. Clemenceau originally met Blanqui while visiting the Sainte-Pélagie prison in 1862 and Mr Holt prints the fascinating letter that Blanqui (in prison once more) sent Clemenceau in 1879 under the mistaken impression that here was a man whose destiny was to lead the extreme Left. In fact he moved in the other direction. By the end of his career the only link with his Blanquist past was a hatred of the Catholic church which may have been part of his inheritance from his republican father in the country.

There is a certain good-mannered detachment about Mr Holt's writing which may account for his failure to convey the intrinsic savagery of his subject. He comes closest with his account of the Tiger's vicious divorce of his American wife Mary, probably as chilling an example of the 'double-standard' in action as even the Third Republic could provide.

Paddy Kitchen

In Focus

Findings and Keepings by LEWIS MUMFORD *Secker & Warburg* £8.00

Collage is the word Lewis Mumford offers as the most useful description of these 'analects for an autobiography', for 'this would emphasise the difference in size, shape, texture, colour, substance of the individual items . . .' Random notes, letters, articles and extracts from articles, poems, a play, and a short semi-autobiographical novel are orchestrated into what might be taken as the undersurface of his projected autobiography. In the latter 'the main events of my open and private life are being sorted out and presented in an intelligible thematic sequence', while in *Findings and Keepings* we have 'a culling from the midden heap of my unpublished' and obscurely-published writings.

It is by no means a haphazard culling, and it provides a good deal of raw evidence concerning the first half of Mumford's life. (He was 80 last year, and the main body of the book was gathered from the years 1914-36.) Two notes concerning the relationship between man and nature, and the dangers of passive subjugation to over-mechanisation, demonstrate that the germs of his life-work were firmly implanted by the time he was 21 years old.

Sadly, in the concluding essay written last year, the same messages have to be reiterated (though backed up now by a lifetime's thought, observation, activity and education):

> Behold the ultimate religion of our seemingly rational age – the Myth of the Machine! Bigger and bigger, more and more, farther and farther, faster and faster become *ends in themselves* . . .

He has suffered from the fact that many people distrust a world view. They fear that a non-specialist's thoughts will be woolly and worthless, and believe that analysis not synthesis is man's best friend. But here it is possible to glean the manner by which Mumford built up his ability to keep things in focus – whether they be under his nose or spanning the world. In 1921 he was complaining to Sophia, his future wife and life-companion:

> It was just like you and Jerry to decide that I am a sociologist, and not one of the 57 other things that I want to be . . . It is only an illusion to think that you increase a person's artistic capacities by limiting the rest of his life; what happens is simply ocular magnification.

It was Patrick Geddes's philosophy that 'gave me the confidence to become a generalist', but it was just as well that he did not meet Geddes until he had chosen to devote himself mainly to writing. When the meeting occurred, after a long correspondence, Geddes was peeved that the young man whom he had decided should become his collaborator-amanuensis (and substitute for his elder son killed in the first world war), turned out to be an author and an individualist. He tried to bully him into submission, but without success. Mumford appears to bear some guilt about Geddes – it is an almost Greek father-son pattern – but the diffused, modified, yet virile Geddes-vein in his work must absolve it. He turned out, in the end, to be Geddes's best collaborator – but at a distance in space and time.

Contributing to the book's narrative interest is the fact that one does get a close-focus view (both fictionally and factually) as far as Mumford's personal life is concerned. The development of his relationship with Sophia, the tug between that and work (at times almost a tug between marriage and Geddes), his reactions to paintings, places, people, are all embedded in the wider issues. An example of the close-focus, and a reminder that Mumford is a native New Yorker, occurs when a love affair with Catherine Bauer, which took place after he was married, is ending. He finished a letter to her:

> P.S. Since the smoke of battle is clearing, I may tell you, mayn't I? how *much* I enjoyed that letter of yours in which you said I was the cream in your coffe. It was a perfect declaration of love. I remembered that you never took cream in your coffee, and that you always said it spoiled it for you . . .

And two years later – but significantly adjacent in the book – he noted his wife's remark: 'In some ways you are the most exasperating man – because you are so sweet and good – and so absolutely ruthless.'

There is an element of ruthlessness in any man (or woman) pursuing their own particular limits of humanisation and experience, and Mumford does not attempt to conceal or soften his own ego. But the young man who was

> vehement, almost choking with ideas, trying on new thoughts as he might try on costumes, one day a pragmatist, next a Spinozaist, now an anarchist, now a socialist, now a Ruskinian Tory, now a Shavian, now a Platonist, now a disciple of Samuel Butler, a Whitmanite, a Geddesian, a Tolstoian . . .

has never closed his mind to influence or ideas – would claim to be still conducting his education – and grew into the most kindly and generous of mentors.

Geoffrey Grigson

Fighting Terms

Enemy Salvoes: Selected Literary Criticism by WYNDHAM LEWIS edited by C. J. Fox and introduced by C. H. Sisson *Vision Press* £4.95

When in a contrast of irony in his *One Way Song* Lewis wrote that he would fain discover 'What page the sorcerer John Keats tore/From the shut book', he was having it both ways, at once quizzing and admiring. He might not bless me if I called him a Romantic Ironist. But then his romanticism wasn't extension and coloured fog: he observed and revered, I would say as much from many conversations with Lewis as from reading him, the mysterious crystalline centre of human intellect and its power to make. That for him, that crystal and its products, was the wonderful, and in a loose way we do apply 'romantic' to the thing which excites our wonder.

I can think of nothing, since his death that Lewis would have found more contemptible than, say, the dribble of Jackson Pollock and its sequence to date, or more ridiculous than a trinity of dealers, art officials and critics prostrating themselves to such ultimates from the land of Stein and Disney and William Carlos Williams and Charles Olson; so if there is one passage do miss in this valuable anthology of hi criticism it is his saying (in the fifth chapte of *Time and Western Man*) that art 'is a constant stronghold of the purest humar consciousness' – with nothing to revol against 'except conditions where art does no exist, or where spurious and vulgar ar triumphs'. But I see that doesn't exactly fit by itself, into a selection from Lewis as critic of writing specifically.

So well arranged by Cy Fox, for long a entire devotee, this volume will help th great process of establishing or re-establish ing the evangel of Lewis, the heart of whic is that view of consciousness and intellec Having known him as kind, peaceful an generous, I have never subscribed to th slick theory of Lewis as a baleful writ moved to excess by paranoia. He had a ca to advance, with an energy that the ca deserved. Yeats praised him as one of tho rare people passionate about ideas, and sin he coupled his powerful intelligence with

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strong feeling for the ludicrous, he was bound to be in trouble. If at times he went headlong for his lesser contemporaries – for 'the spokesmen of Mr Everybody' – he was bound to provoke those who hadn't the wish, or courage enough, to support his concerns. If he criticised writers of his own level, a stricture or two, in the vigour and gusto of his language, could be taken by the writers, and even more by their followers, as unforgivable insult. 'When we are attacking things, we are sure to be accused of attacking persons.' And what we realise from these critical excerpts is that Lewis (as C. H. Sisson says in his introduction) always wanted to disengage 'the work which matters from the less desirable elements adhering to it'.

In his criticism there is neither an over-playing nor an under-playing of the 'art factor'. Thought was to be examined which wasn't necessarily art, and art which was no great shakes as thought. He could read Orwell and conclude, quite rightly, that his language (in *Animal Farm* and *1984*) was 'businesslike and adequate', but nothing more; yet he could praise the vigour of Orwell's mind, as of one who 'went much further on the road to an ultimate political realism than any of his companions or immediate English contemporaries' – and he could acknowledge that with enduring interest Orwell was a man 'who rescued himself from a convention, and finished his literary life with a burst of clairvoyance'.

Sartre, Malraux, Camus – he could acknowledge their gift, their creative ability and philosophical ability, pull them to bits, and then add he would like no one to think he was 'treating them with insufficient respect, or throwing doubt upon their genius. It is their *Weltanschauung* which I deplore'.

Of Shaw and Russell he could say curtly and dismissively, and rightly, that as artists they fail because 'they have no dramatic sense above the rhetoric of the Anglican pulpit', because 'there is no vibration in their words or universal significance in their gestures'.

'They are just words, opinions, that they have been unable to fuse.' Leavis, whom he thought hardly deserving of notice, as a barbaric hand with words or a critic paddling himself forward on the floats of Eliot and Lawrence, would have come, I suppose, under his heading of attempted 'dominy-ation'; and I would add my own view that the smallness of Leavis, as a special academic kind of critic for a newly enfranchised, lower-middle-class portion of Mr Everybody, is evident in his sneering response to Lewis and his unwillingness to admit Lewis's devotion to high objectives or the lifelong strength with which he drove towards them. 'A man of understanding is to benefit by his enemies' – that was Lewis's text to *The Enemy*, out of Plutarch:

> What remaineth but that we should hear the truth from the mouth of our enemies? Thine enemy, as thou knowest well enough, watcheth continually, spying and prying into all thine actions.

C. H. Sisson exaggerates surely when he also says in his introduction that 'the search for infections' defines the essential purpose of all Lewis's critical writing. That makes this great affirmer too negative; and against the statement I shall set another quotation from *One Way Song*:

> *All Time is new!* You can't take that away
> From even the most motheaten drab today.
> We are given a ball to play with, and I play.

Readers of this selection, too, will discover something of Lewis's extraordinary appreciative range – Jonson and Bishop King to Flaubert and Gogol, Thomas Nashe to Swift, Crabbe, Peacock, and Matthew Arnold (it doesn't, by the way, take much thought to discover why in *Empedocles on Etna* Lewis so admired the song of Callicles to Apollo, whose proper haunts were on Helicon and not among the fumes and furies of the volcano). New readers of Lewis will surely enjoy his miracles of sudden encapsulation, Hemingway as a 'cinema in words', Gertrude Stein as 'a monument sitting on patience', Orwell as 'the Honest Snob', Pound as the 'revolutionary simpleton', Faulkner's 'whip-poor-will-tank' from which he pumped his novels so full of poetic atmosphere; and so on. They will also find how Lewis's criticism, going back fifty years, hasn't dated either in high generality or not so high particularity. We are after all beset more and more, without criticism, by the art products of what Lewis named the 'eternal sucklings'; we still have both advanced and retarded fool-farms worked by scarecrows; and always (*One Way Song* again) there are

> Problems of equilibrium for those
> Who go upright and follow their own nose

– eternal problems, in tackling which his advice is very precious.

Julian Barnes

Brained Off

The Golden Gate by ALISTAIR MACLEAN *Collins* £3.50
Living Quarters by VINCENT CANBY *Deutsch* £3.50

One of the manifestations of *encephalitis lethargica*, or sleepy sickness, is a condition known as akinesia. The sufferer presents a deceptive surface of passivity or inertia; but his difficulty in moving is in fact the product of an unceasing inner struggle. As soon as he wills an action, a counter-will or resistance arises to thwart him; each command to his body is negated by a countermand. One of Oliver Sacks's patients at Mount Carmel described this tensile interplay as being between 'the goad and the halter'. It is a condition which can be simulated to a remarkable degree by reading Alistair Maclean. A coarsely thrustful plot impels you forward; a coarsely imprecise style retards you; and the result, even though you formally progress through the pages, is a frustrating state of tension, the slow downward psychological spiral of the encephalitic, and a craving for a gram of L-DOPA.

The extravagant crime thought up by Mr Maclean this time is the kidnapping of the President of the United States in the middle of the Golden Gate Bridge. The preparations and the actual snatch are cute and cinegenic; and the stuntmen's union will be pleased with the action sequences. In a neat ploy the leader of the kidnappers, Peter Branson (Ivy Leaguer, banker's son, social renegade), allows the presidential press corps to remain on the scene, ensuring maximum publicity. He quickly becomes a world-wide folk-hero by putting down the blustering President on telly; equally attractively, he is deeply chivalrous towards women (profound motivation is hinted at, but never delivered). All the time, though, one can feel Mr Maclean shadowing Branson, waiting to bop him with the moral (would it were truer) that those who rise by the media shall also fall by the media.

Eventually, the snatch turns into a battle of brainpower. Branson ('very very clever') is supported by his lieutenant Van Effen ('a very very intelligent person whose knife-like intelligence . . .'); they are pitted against Hendrix, the 'Frisco Chief of Police ('very very intelligent indeed'), and super-Fed Paul Revson (a moronic 'highly intelligent'). When Revson drops Van Effen off the bridge, the Brains Trust balance is severely upset; and the very very inevitable outcome cannot be prevented even by Branson's appointment of a new 2 i/c (IQ of merely 'redoubtable'). Mr Maclean's style, it must be said, does not normally pursue such forthrightness. It is based on the British Tommy principle, namely that the best form of toughness is modest toughness, and also on the hyperbole of understatement and ironic negative. In this version of language, concepts like 'stupid' or 'unflappable' translate into 'could not be classed among the intellectually gifted', and 'not one much given to brow-mopping'. My favourite moment of all comes when the non-brow-mopping Revson is accused by smashing April Wednesday (a film part here for Tuesday Weld?) of being a cold fish. 'My eyes,' he retorts indigantly, 'are not those of a cod.'

'No, *Living Quarters* is not a thriller,' protest André Deutsch, jumpy lest readers trivialise an opening scene in which Daisianna du Chaudron ventilates her husband with an elephant gun. Not that there's much generic ambiguity about Vincent Canby's first novel: the crime, victim and culprit are swiftly identified, and the book sets off in a series of ever-retreating flashbacks to root out the social and psychological background to the event. Daisianna turns out to be an archetypal American whore/bitch/goddess, pill-slugging, schizophrenic, religioso, selfish and idle; her friends and family are scarcely less neurotically self-indulgent. Even straight Jimmy Barnes, Daisianna's lawyer, who actively seeks an exciting life, turns out to have a wrecky streak, and is laid low by alcohol, troilism and divorce. The flashbacks eventually (if bafflingly) reach flash-back-of-beyond with an ancestor's journal; and we wait for Mr Canby to drop his tone of glazed detachment and lay a moral on us. Jimmy runs into it on an archaeological site. Pondering on a handy cross-section of the dig, he is told that there are 17 different periods of human habitation represented there. Some layers have been squashed down by later generations into a mere 15 inches of clay. It's quite a thought.

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Films

John Coleman

Keeping Our Distance

Sansho Dayu *The Gate*
Death Race 2000 *ABC release from 29 February*

Kenji Mizoguchi was two years older than the century when he died in 1956, leaving behind him a vast body of work (some 90 films, of which many from the silent period have gone missing), and his extremely high rating among critics may seem mysterious and irritating to those of the public at large who interest themselves in such matters: until fairly recently, only *Ugetsu Monogatari* had been shown outside club cinemas. Last year, the Gate, that new home of lost-and-found causes, presented his *Life of Oharu* (1952) and now the same admirable concern gives us *Sansho Dayu* (1954), reckoned by the film writer Robin Wood to be 'the greatest movie I have ever seen'. The present writer would be more cautious, but it is without question a very considerable, special achievement. The best-known elements in the world of Mizoguchi are probably his preoccupation with the plight of degraded women, his painstaking devotion to the reconstruction of the past (unrivalled, one would hazard, in its convincing fidelity), his constant stress on the mutual interdependence of figures and landscape, people and dwellings, the easy fluency of his camera movements, and – overridingly – his peculiar fatalism. Certainly all these are to be found in, to give it its English title, *Sansho the Bailiff*. Here the story is set in 11th-century Japan. The deputy governor of a province has been sent into exile for defying the authorities. After waiting for six years, his wife and two young children set out to join him; en route, they are tricked, the mother being dragged off into prostitution, the kids sold as slaves to the evil Sansho. Years later, the boy – grown to manhood – escapes, thanks to his sister's self-sacrifice, and is eventually reunited with his aged, crippled mother, a scavenger for seaweed on a lonely shore.

In his useful book on the Japanese cinema, Donald Ritchie sounds several warnings to the Western viewer that bear repeating: oriental eyes are prepared to savour a composition at length, oriental minds do not object to the cliché, so long as it is well turned:

> One enters the drama, or the movie, as one enters the rambling Japanese house or the twisting Japanese garden. It surrounds you; it is a world to inhabit.

The images offered here could have been designed to convey one's sense of *Sansho Dayu*, which further embraces another theme so often to be discovered in Mizoguchi: that of journeying through an inhospitable wilderness. And always there is that scrupulous care for the individual frame or, more generally (since we must acknowledge that gliding, though unobtrusive camera), the individual sequence: at what might be the bitter end, we travel away from that huddled couple across the bleak seashore to another stooped figure gathering seaweed – it is an astounding, distancing effect, hard to analyse. 'Distance' is a keyword if we are to come to terms with Mizoguchi's art: time and again there is a gentle visual withdrawal from the small, local action to take in a larger natural context. Mr Wood has talked of the director's 'sympathetic involvement', a phrase I find difficult to reconcile with what I experience. I am more in accord with Eric Rhode when he discerns a harsher strain: Mizoguchi 'is less concerned with the tragedy of individuals or of communities than of tragic figures set in remarkable landscapes'. Rhode is prepared to invoke a little biography as possibly helpful to our understanding of this extraordinary genius: father a carpenter, reduced to selling his daughter off as a geisha; the son feckless, a student of painting, who lived for a while in his sister's luxurious apartments; later, his wife went mad and he frequented the 'floating world', or *demi-monde*, that features so prominently in Japanese prints. It would not do to lean too heavily on such extramural knowledge: yet it surely has relevance to the coolness of Mizoguchi's overall conceptions.

One cannot leave *Sansho Dayu*, however, without recording the insidious potency of its impact. Unreclaimed Westerner that I am, I need time *afterwards* to get the most from a Mizoguchi film: it is then that the density of certain scenes, the texture of others becomes more apparent, almost feelable. There are tiny, unforgettable moments, slight gestures that carry a depth-charge of emotion: the wife sits back to camera as her husband is arraigned, he the focus of the action, though one is just aware of her sleek black hair: suddenly, she turns so that her pale face stares past us, reflecting . . . well, whatever one wants to make of it, I suppose. It is not merely the 'real' ghostly ladies of Mizoguchi (as in *Ugetsu*) who haunt us.

In the same bill is a 24-minute short, *Spaceplace*, which mingles boring shots of coloured strips of plastic and the smiling faces of two men cutting the plastic up and sticking bits of it together to make huge areas people can wander through with boring shots of people wandering through these areas and of an insane group of five sword dancers doing a silly dance. It starts with boring shots of Woolwich Dockyard where the smiling men have their workshop. Annie Mygind (previous credits, *Circus at Clopton Hall*, 1960, and *Journey of the Grebe*, 1970) took the pictures, apparently because the smiling men, Maurice Agis and Peter Jones, asked her to.

Paul Bartel's *Death Race 2000*, produced by Roger Corman, is destined to invite comparisons with *Rollerball*, since it is stationed in the future and assumes a society held together by spectatorship of a bloody sport; it presupposes a United Provinces of America – with a narky hostility towards Europe, and France in especial – precariously dependent on an annual Transcontinental Death Race, during which five cars go hell for leather for the fastest time and the greatest tally of corpses: women 10 points, teenagers 40, toddlers 70 and oldies 100. If the affair is less nauseating and more humorous than one might expect, we may have Mr Bartel rather than Mr Corman to thank for that. There is a group of rebels led by elderly Thomasina Paine (nobody *said* the script was sophisticated) and they plant Thomasina's daughter in white-hope Frankenstein's car as navigator; they also variously destroy the other vehicles. But Frankenstein, veteran of previous mutilating crashes, is David Carradine and quite nice under his mask; there are a few good sick jokes, about patients at a veterans' hospital being merrily lined up for automotive slaughter only for the nurses to get it, about drivers wheeling over their own pitmen for extra points, and so on. The result is pretty pure comic strip and the cars are the heroes, having being painted and fanged up with some ingenuity. Satire it isn't though. There is too much vicarious enjoyment of whamsplatzowie around for that.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Bubbles

Anatol *Open Space*
Hamlet *Round House*

Arthur Schnitzler was barely thirty when he wrote *Anatol*, and its main character has still to get the first flecks of grey in his beard; and yet the wistful, menopausal tone of his work is already there. Perhaps it reflects the atmosphere of Vienna in the 1890s, not the most bright-eyed of cities nor the most bushy-tailed of decades, for all the waltzing and champagne. Or perhaps it comes from that melancholia of temperament which, as our own suicide statistics indicate, tends to trouble sensitive men of his profession more than most. Schnitzler, like Chekhov, was a doctor and rather like Chekhov, seems to have regarded the relationship between men and women mainly as an affliction beyond the power of 19th-century medicine to cure. Men with canes, top hats and sad, knowing faces stalk through the consulting room of his plays in search of some prescription for lasting happiness which, as they recognise in their more reflective moments, no one can give them. If his German contemporary, Wedekind, was the chronicler of adolescent anguish, Schnitzler was the analyst of middle-aged unease.

He injects a wry humour into his cas

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studies, as anyone will know who has seen his *Reigen*, otherwise *La Ronde*. The six playlets that make up *Anatol* are formally comedies, too, though their tenuous charm shouldn't distract an attentive audience from the sulphur beneath the surface. Consider the main character's sexual history. He (*a*) hypnotises his mistress, but lacks the courage to question her about her fidelity, for fear of disillusionment; (*b*) arouses the jealousy of an ageing beauty by paying a younger one the sort of homage we know cannot long survive; (*c*) is stung to baffled fury when a mistress drops him before he discards her; (*d*) is mistaken for someone else by the woman he once idealised; (*e*) recognises that he's only a tiny, extra-marital adventure to his new mistress, but lets the affair amble on nonetheless; (*f*) brings an unruly ex-mistress home to bed the night before solemnising a marriage self-evidently doomed to failure. Chekhov's people may suffer from chronic passion, but it is usually fixed and faithful, directed at one person only. Schnitzler's romantic sensualists flit from relationship to relationship, lying to their women, lying to themselves about their women, and being lied to by their women. The diagnosis is terminal fickleness, and the physician can offer only a resigned, amused shrug.

Frank Marcus translated this cynical stuff, Charles Marowitz directed it; and, though I can see why the severe should disapprove, I found it observant and absorbing enough to justify both their pains. Derek Godfrey isn't the funniest of Anatols, but that may be because he's more interested in creating a consistent character than in timing witty moments. What emerges is a bubble made flesh: a light, airy man with a light, springy voice, actuated more by vanity than lust, and always optimistic in spite of the setbacks he receives from the parade of women played by Prunella Scales. Her effects are broader, because they have to be shorter, and one hideous-pink chorus girl, cawing and sprawling and cramming oysters into her cavernous maw, stayed barely a skin's width this side of caricature. But she's always amusing, whether she's a swaggering acrobat or a thin-vowelled lady of fashion, and sometimes touching as well. The only other speaking part goes to Nicholas Selby, playing a convenient confidant with no function other than to be attentive and worldly-wise; but, most unfortunately, there are also vaguely-gowned women whose job is to dance soundlessly and flirt disdainfully with Mr Godfrey during the scene-changes. How can Mr Marowitz possibly justify finding Equity wages for these undulating lovelies when they add nothing to the proceedings but irritation at their obvious redundancy?

It appears from Frederick Raphael's *Glittering Prizes* that Cambridge undergraduates of the mid-Fifties were obsessed with imitating the Goon Show, especially Bluebottle. Well, crazes come and go, but students don't change too much, as Ben Kingsley's Hamlet reminds us by regaling Elsinore with the funny voices, gestures and repartee he has presumably brought back from Wittenberg. He actually puffs out his cheeks and half-satirically pops them on his dying line, 'the rest is silence'. I can't remember a prince who found more humour in *Hamlet*, and not many who proved more versatile and various. Our first impression is of a starched, repressed, uptight youth (perhaps because he's wearing a neat lounge suit), but there's plenty waiting to burst from beneath. On 'hold, hold my heart', he lurches and clutches at himself, as if having his first coronary – as well he might, given the violence of his reaction to the disappearing Ghost. There's anger in his mockery, pain in his self-mockery, and an unfeigned madness never far behind that long, fine, greenish-white face of his, with its stark, strange eyes. He has a way of twitching and blinking, as if to wake himself from what he hopes is a nightmare; and at one point he thrusts out and brandishes a bare, scrawny arm, making you wonder if he isn't planning to give himself a fix and escape that way from the intolerable stress of it all.

The production, by the late Buzz Goodbody, seemed unpretentious and acute enough to lure me from my prejudice against Savile-Row Shakespeare – George Baker the barking chairman of Denmark Enterprises (Murder & Usurpation) Ltd, Mikel Lambert his cocktail-circuit queen, Andre van Gyseghem his smiling managing director. But the evening belongs to Mr Kingsley, a Hamlet quite uncowed by the high-powered competition currently at the Old Vic. Albert Finney has more size, perhaps more of that mysterious x-factor sometimes called charisma; but Kingsley has more intensity, complexity and truth for today. Compare their rendering of the 'to be' speech – Finney a demented Samurai, Kingsley the dedicated mental explorer and spiritual discoverer and you'll see what I mean.

Jazz

Charles Fox

Dancing Years

The Early B.G. *Vocalion VLP 2* £1.99
The Best of Benny Goodman *RCA HY 1020* £1.99
Solid Gold Instrumental Hits *CBS 88130* (2 LPs) £3.99
Early Years *Capitol Vine VMPM 1002* £1.99

In a healthy society dancing can be purgative, a way of coping with reality. The African tribal dances are at once social and religious. Even in secular communities like our own, dancing seems to erupt at times of stress, contriving to be both a distraction and a gesture of defiance. Between the wars there was first that assiduous Charlestoning, then – later in Britain, actually, than in America – the antics of the jitterbug, progeny of 'swing'. A new dancing boom may be getting under way at the moment, what with American teenagers taking tap lessons and British discos full of couples cavorting to Glenn Miller, who, 30 years after his demise, once again appears in the lists of top-selling records. Yet the real begetter of the 'swing era', the man whose music started youngsters prancing in the aisles long before Frank Sinatra or Bill Haley, was Benny Goodman.

On the face of it, Goodman seemed an unlikely hero for the young: bespectacled, already nudging 30 when his band took off, a clarinettist who, in 1938, recorded Mozart's Quintet (K.581) with the Budapest String Quartet. But Goodman belonged to a new breed of bandleaders, men who were themselves brilliant instrumentalists. The repertoire was important too. What Goodman provided were familiar tunes, many of them current pop-songs, but scored in what seemed a new and intriguing way, with space left for jazz solos.

Yet the orchestral style was not so new. It had been developed earlier by Fletcher Henderson's band and, when Goodman hired Henderson to be his chief arranger, that particular formula, a call-and response pattern between saxophones and brass, became the rock upon which 'swing' was built, a device adopted or adapted by the many bands which hastened to follow. Anyone with a taste for symbolism must relish the fact that Goodman's first hit record was of Henderson's arrangement of Jelly Roll Morton's 'King Porter Stomp' (Jelly, after all, always claimed that he 'invented jazz'). It's to be found on the RCA LP, a collection of pieces recorded between 1935 and 1939, vital years for Goodman. Also included is 'Stomping at the Savoy', originally popularised by Chick Webb's band up in Harlem – where most of the new dances started anyway. (Goodman's version is also being released this weekend on a maxi-single – RCA 2657 – obviously with the intention of pursuing 'In the Mood' up the charts.)

During this period Goodman's clarinet playing achieved a near perfect balance between aggression and relaxation. But although an early starter (those stories about performing in short pants are not all apocryphal), he did not spring fully fledged upon the world. The Vocalion LP gives a good idea of what he sounded like as a young man, growing up in Al Capone's Chicago. The influences are those of the place and period: 'Clarinetitis' (1927), for example, contains low-register playing like that of Jimmie Noone, while at other moments Goodman's dry, astringent line, every note clearly articulated, suggests one of Frank Teschemacher's prickly solos. It is 'hot', committed playing, yet already displaying extraordinary technical command. Legato passages become more frequent as the years unroll; by 1930 the style is confident, mature. That was also the moment when Goodman realised that – for him, anyway – being a jazz musician came second to being a clarinettist. By now he was living in New York and already much in demand. The first seven months of 1931 found him playing in 58 sessions while continuing to work six nights a week in the pit orchestra for George Geshwin's *Girl Crazy* and fitting in broadcasts and film sound-track recordings as well as playing dance dates at weekends.

The result was the emergence of one of the most superbly equipped technicians ever to be associated with jazz. Goodman's musical curiosity was kept alive by the challenge of events: his band of the Thirties and, later

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on, the arrival in his organisation of the guitarist, Charlie Christian, whose playing pointed towards what would happen to jazz in the next decade. During the Forties, however, blandness started creeping in. It's evident on the CBS 2-LP set, despite some lively solos (the trumpeter, Cootie Williams, had moved across from Duke Ellington to Goodman in 1940), great drumming by Dave Tough and Sid Catlett, and arrangements – many by Eddie Sauter – which inched Goodman away from his earlier image.

The process got taken further immediately after the war by the band heard on the misleadingly titled *Early Years* LP (it must mean early for Capitol records, not for Goodman). The clarinet playing is impeccable but the invention flags (except in 'Happy Blues', from a pick-up date where Goodman got pushed out of his normal routine). By now the so-called 'King of Swing' had been outflanked by young musicians who were reshaping the harmonies and rhythms of jazz. From being a torchbearer, Goodman was turning into a musical conservative, performing with the assurance – and sometimes the complacency – of a master rather than the impudence of a young adventurer. Today it is probable that Benny Goodman thinks of himself as a kind of international all-rounder, just as likely to be playing Brahms at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw as peeling off chorus after chorus on 'China Boy'. How paradoxical it would be if this smiling, 67-year-old man were once again to find himself helping to usher in yet another dancing craze.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

Silent Steppes

A Month in the Country and **Rituals** *Covent Garden*
Pandora *Royal Ballet on tour*

Three new works have been mounted by the Royal Ballet since I last wrote in December, but only one of them strikes me as having any importance or lasting value: Sir Frederick Ashton's long-awaited and even longer-planned version of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, which had its world premiere last week. Ashton's first complete ballet for over five years was bound to be well received. Luckily it shows that the 72-year-old master has lost none of his touch; indeed it marks a development of the realistic dramatic style he used in *Enigma Variations*. Once again we have period decor by Julia Trevelyan Oman, this time a living-room decorated in enough detail and redolent with enough Russian atmosphere to have made a perfect set for an opulent production of the play. Too realistic, some have said, but why should ballet decors be stylised or fantastical? Miss Oman's costumes and wigs transform the familiar dancers into Russian characters, except perhaps for Derek Rencher, whose sketchy Rakitin is too reminiscent of his Elgar.

Anthony Dowell as Beliaev, the young tutor, looks particularly Russian, and is given a folksy flirtation dance with the serving maid, to make it clear that he is not seriously interested in Vera or Natalia. This is just one of Ashton's 'free adaptations' of the play; more serious ones, necessary when changing spoken dialogue into dance, come when Natalia discovering Vera and Beliaev together and momentarily losing her temper, actually slaps her ward; and in the reverse scene – Vera finding Natalia with the tutor, and fetching the others to see what is going on. Bolshintsov, the older neighbour whom Vera desperately marries in the play, does not appear in the ballet; it is essentially a work about Natalia losing the three people who matter most to her in the world.

Lynn Seymour is a magnificent Natalia. Ashton has given her the first role which exploits her light, rapid footwork, her remarkable dramatic ability and her present appearance – most of her previous created roles have required her to impersonate a teenage girl. Her silent Natalia is at least as eloquent as Dorothy Tutin's award-winning spoken one. Denise Nunn as Vera is a delight, dancing with a speed and lightness to rival Seymour's; she is a newcomer to add to the long list of talents given their first created roles by Ashton. Wayne Sleep as the little boy bouncing a ball and Alexander Grant as the neglected husband searching for his keys are predictably good in their distinctive solos. But what is most remarkable is the way Ashton has portrayed all the characters and indicated their complex relationships almost entirely through classical dance – one inventive variation or lyrical pas de deux flowing into another. The essence of Turgenev's play is conveyed in 40 minutes with the mood and the atmosphere much enhanced by the choice of music – three early Chopin pieces reorchestrated by John Lanchbery.

It is of course unfair to discuss other choreographers in the same breath as Ashton, but *Rituals* and *Pandora* both reinforce my growing if impractical conviction that only first-rate choreography deserves production. Kenneth MacMillan's *Rituals* is another experiment in translating Japanese into Western art, a fairly pointless exercise. The opening martial exercises are surprisingly dull, and made faintly ludicrous by Bartok's unJapanese percussion; the central section achieves the feat of turning strong personality dancers into blank, manipulated puppets, a sad misuse of talent, and the final section is a totally incomprehensible ceremony for characters mysteriously called 'mother' and 'midwife'. There are some striking groupings, reminiscent of *Les Noces*, and some splendidly spectacular Japanese costumes by Yolanda Sonnabend.

Pandora, David Morse's first ballet outside the workshop, has some pretty people, attractively undressed by Peter Farmer, doing some pretty but conventional steps, more or less matched to an interesting score by Roberto Gerhard. That is something. But the story is almost impossible to follow, with what should be key dramatic moments going for nothing.

Television

Dennis Potter

Lost Horizons

Saturday nights are never a good time for a sermon, but this week Jimmy Hill tried his hand at a bit of random moralising in such a determined manner that one can only suppose that he had been deeply affected by the accident in the schedules which allowed viewers to switch from the end of *Edward Gibbon: the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* on BBC-2, almost straight into the carnage on the terraces of decadent Chelsea in *Match of the Day* on BBC-1. Pulling his toga around him and glowering straight into the autocue, the bearded emperor was so upset by a Kung Fu kick delivered by a Chelsea fan upon a Crystal Palace supporter (or vice versa) that he signalled the action replay of Gibbon's long-running spectacle the collapse of a civilisation. 'Such violence is a disease of society,' he said in those tones of awe normally reserved for talking about Don Revie or the future of Stan Bowles. 'Its roots are in the homes and in the schools,' he continued, with an expression above the chin that told us he was saying something particularly significant. I wish he would confine himself to sliding tackles and disputed penalties.

Imagine, though, the terrible consequences if Jimmy Hill had announced that the degradations on this and many another football ground might have just a little to do with the gross inequalities of our society and the deliberately stunted horizons of those young men whom – to quote Ludovic Kennedy on Monday's *Newsday* (BBC-2) – 'we used to call the lower classes'. *Match of the Day* would then have been denounced by the Football League, the BBC governors, the *Daily Telegraph*, Mrs Thatcher and the National Viewers and Listeners Association. It's a thought – and one which helps put into perspective so much of the 'straight talking' which increasingly passes for genuine outspokenness on television. As it was, Jimmy Hill, and all those like him, could as well have been the lovely green parrot on Sunday's *World About Us* (BBC-2), which shifted uneasily on its perch before singing 'Ave Maria'. Some kinds of piety are strictly for the birds.

Perhaps meaningless sermons have invaded so many areas of television because their traditional spots on the box have been slowly shrinking. We used to get an Epilogue on Sunday nights on BBC-1 to send us creeping po-faced up the stairs, but these days we have to settle for *Politics Now* lectures that admittedly do their dreariest to give the same sort of cringe to the spirit. This week, the Professor of Government at Essex University, who should have gone to the football ground where these things are studied, asked 'Why is Britain becoming harder to govern?' A question of the same order, presumably, as whether or not Manchester United will

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the Cup. The programme used some blotched and speckled clips to look back to the political scene in the 1950s, 'that great sea of tranquillity as it must seem now'. The thing that most bothered me *then*, though, was why Britain was so easy to govern. Could it be that docility is once again coming to be regarded as the supreme political virtue?

The heavy stupor of polite acquiescence was so pervasive on the box during that apparently tranquil decade that the only form of 'trial by television' which could have been allowed to get through the snores was a gruesome little entertainment called *Juke Box Jury*. We would never have seen anything which even hinted that British policemen and British justice were less wholesome than the twinkle in PC Dixon's innocent blue eyes. Only a society which keeps asking awkward questions – one that is difficult to govern, in short – could have produced Tuesday's dramatised documentary *Death of an Informer* (ATV), a queasy reconstruction of the recruitment, manipulation and murder of Kenneth Lennon based on the account which the victim gave to the National Council of Civil Liberties a few days before he was shot in the back of the head and dumped unceremoniously in a roadside ditch.

Tory MP Stephen Hastings complained in a studio discussion which followed that the intention of the film was to portray the Special Branch as 'stupid, brutal and dishonest', which is precisely the case if Lennon's own story is anywhere near true. Forced by the police to contact, encourage and inform upon a group of his Irish compatriots suspected of planning terrorism, Lennon helped set up a wages snatch which bags three of them, then gets caught himself with a hapless teenage incompetent while staring at the outside wall of Winson Green Prison. The two are charged with planning the escape of one of the group and Lennon is (by special arrangement so to speak) set free after the trial while the other is jailed. His cover blown, and left utterly defenceless, he waits in fear for the IRA vengeance squad.

The style of the reconstruction itself seemed to me to be crudely derivative, as might be thought fitting for a sequence as squalid as this. Incredibly, there was not a single Irish accent to be heard, and the police were closer in speech, dress and mannerisms to the parodies of other television fictions than to anything else. I don't know any Special Branch officers (and cannot even boast that some of my best friends are watched by them), but unless we are all behaving like our electronic stereotypes there is little to be gained by using outworn dramatic conventions which place all the events in a familiar limbo. The Lennon case is a scab that refuses to heal, not just another episode of *The Sweeny*. Paradoxically, the apparent immediacy and vividness of a dramatised documentary can diffuse the real significance of the matter, as the subsequent unsatisfactory discussion unconsciously revealed. The question is no longer whether we have started compromising our justice and our civil liberties because of Ulster's spreading poisons, but by how much, how insidiously, how easily and for how long.

Weekend Competition

No 2400 **Set by Tim Hopkins**

Dr Johnson's lexicographical talents were denied the chance of tackling words like 'ecology' and 'mugger'. Can we have some definitions of thoroughly modern words as the Doctor might have catalogued them – by 5 March?

Result of No 2397 **Set by Little Keith**

We apologise for referring to Colonel Beesley as 'a bottle-scarred veteran'; we should, of course, have said 'a battle-scared veteran'. More double-barrelled misprints were requested.

Report **by Ms Prince**

The three most common pitfalls? (i) Misprints involving more than one letter at a time. (ii) Obviousness: singing/sinning, voice/ vice, etc. (iii) The blandishments of scatology: much unfunny filth in the 200-or-so entries. Still, this was almost a classic comp, with lots of ingenuity about the place. £2 per gobbet.

We apologise for having reported that the ambassador was offered 'a choice of the Nawab's nastiest wines'; we should, of course, have said 'a choice of the Nawab's tastiest wives'.

We apologise for referring to Mrs Gridley's role as being 'a vital tart in the social system as a whole'; we should of course have said 'a vital part in the social system as a whore'.
TOM BREWER

'2nd-Class post, better delays', should have read: '2nd-Class post, letter decays.'
UNITY JOHNSON

'I adore drugs: I've laid Wilton in every room', attributed to Mrs Thatcher in yesterday's edition, should have read, 'I adore rugs: I've laid Wilson in every room.' GEORGE MOOR

'Wanda is a call girl who lives by the Oval', should have read, 'Wanda is a tall girl who lives by the Oral.' JOHN LOCKE

Our headline, FOOL SPEAKS OUT AT LABOUR RALLY, should have read, FOOT SNEAKS OUT AT LABOUR RALLY. JOHN L. OLDHAM

Lord M. was reported as saying that when it came to making a guest, he was usually spot on. This should have read: 'when it came to making a guess, he was usually spat on'.
J. G. BARTON

'The vicar hoped the parishioners liked the new loo and apologised for its tardy appearance' should, of course, have read, 'The vicar hoped the parishioners liked the new look and apologised for its turdy appearance.'
CHRIS BRYANT

'Cllr Brogwich guaranteed that suggestions for stuffing the Inspectorate more efficiently would be passed on at once', should have read 'suggestions for staffing the Inspectorate more efficiently would be pissed on at once'.
W. J. WEBSTER

We apologise to the vicar for heading our account of his sermon BROTHELLY LOVE MEANS HEAVENLY JOYS, instead of BROTHERLY LOVE MEANS HEAVENLY BOYS. BASIL RANSOME

Assi ac

Chess Board

No 1370 **Thinking of Hugh**

Many of us do, so we should welcome *The Best Games of C. H. O'D. Alexander*, a handsomely produced book (OUP at £5.95) containing 70 well selected and annotated games and their background story, the earlier period dealt with by *Golombek*, post-war by *Hartston*. Moreover, there is a copious and lucid personal memoir by Hugh's lifelong friend *Milner-Barry* making that great chess player and lovable man come very much alive. Here's a brevity won by Hugh (Black) at about 16.

1) e4,e5; 2) Ktf3,Ktc6; 3) Bb5,Ktf6; 4) d3,d6; 5) Ktc3,Be6; 6) h3?,Be7; 7) 0-0,0-0; 8) Bg5,Qd7!; 9) Bf6:,Bf6:; 10) Ktd5,Kh8; 11) Ktf6: Opening a fatal file, **gf:; 12) Qe2,Bh3:!; 13) gh:** Suicidal, his only chance being Kh1, **Qh3:; 14) Kth2,Rg8†;** etc.

Among the not quite so recent crop of important new books is *Pawn Endings* by *Averbakh & Maizelis* (*Batsford* at £4.50), updated by *Harding's* thorough research in Shakhmatny and Shakhmatny Bulletin. The book contains a fascinating chapter on Co-ordinate Squares, all about distant opposition and the elegant 'triangulations' required to adjust the right (and duty) of the move.

Among the welcome new reprints of 'classics' as a *Dover* paperback (*Constable* at £1.65) is *100 Master Games of Modern Chess* originally published by *Tartakower & du Mont* as a follow-up to their famous collection of 500 games. It covers 5 or 6 years after the war.

In the *BCM 'Classics-Reprints'* comes another one, important for the collector and the serious student: Ostend 1907 with Burn, Janowski, Marshall, Schlechter, Tarrasch, Tchigorin playing 4 games against each other. Tarrasch won with 12½ ahead of Schlechter (12) and Marshall and Janowwki (11½ each). Poor old Tchigorin came last with 4½. The index of openings, obviously, has a great many Ruys, but only two (!) Sicilians. Here's Marshall-Burn with one or two of Tarrasch's notes.

1) d4,Ktf6; 2) Ktf3,d6; 3) Bf4,Ktbd7; 4) e3,g6; 5) Bd3,Bg7; 6) Ktbd2,0-0; 7) h4,Re8; 8) h5 Pretty, but incorrect sacrifice, **Kth5:; 9) Rh5:,gh:; 10) Bh7:†,Kh7:?** Burn likes to accept almost any sacrifice. After 10) . . . Kf8† White would have been at a loss how to continue; **11) Ktq5,Kg6** Practically forced; **12) Ktdf3,e5; 13) Kth4†,Kf6; 14) Kth7†,Ke7; 15) Ktf5†,Ke6; 16) Ktg7:†** Unnecessary bloodshed rather than d5††, **Ke7; 17) Ktf5†,Ke6; 18) d5†,Kf5:; 19) Qh5:†,Ke4; 20) 0-0-0,** resigns.

The BCF's *Year Book 1975/76* in a new large format of 76 pp, once again competently edited by Ann *Hopton*, contains all relevant information on the BCF and the counties, tournament results, grading lists, etc.

Finally young *Basman* should be commended for putting the 4) . . . Bc5 line in the Sicilian into a cassette (*Audio Chess* 1975) containing his detailed and lucid analysis.

The 4-pointer comes from the Alexander book, a position in the 1960 British Championship. White had just cunningly played Re1 and Black fell for it by blundering . . . Kte4: ??, forced to resign a couple of moves later. For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** & **C** are recent *Schach-Echo* award winners, the former a draw achieved in less than half a dozen moves. **C** is a win achieved just as speedily. Usual prizes, entries by 1 March.

A: Alexander-Clarke: /r4r1k/p3b1p1/q4p1p/2p1pPktQ/P2pP3/1P4R1/1KtPB2PP/4R2K/.

B: G. Murkisch 1974: /5K1k/3Kt2p1/3p4/7p/2pp3p/ktpp5/4B3/2B5/.

C: E. Hufendiek 1974: /2Kt5/8/1p5P/5p1kt/p4b2/k7/2K5/6B1/.

(Competition Report 1367 held over)

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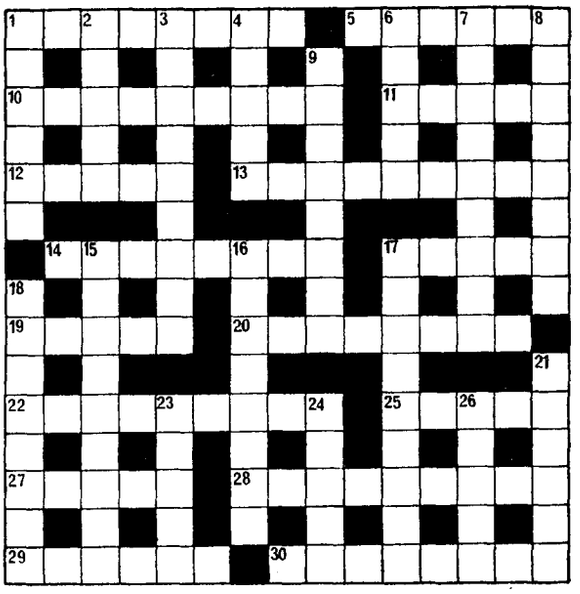
Weekend Crossword 1152

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1152, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 2 Mar.



ACROSS

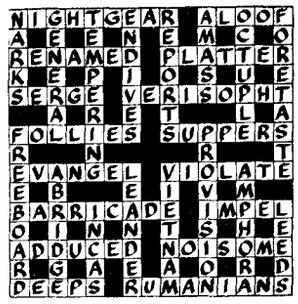
1. Custodians give the cue in music hall acts (8).
5. Leave secretly but walked back if a thousand were lost (6).
10. Plenty have something to eat at a social occasion (9).
11. Vessel needed for long railway journeys (5).
12. City in which to walk with upper-class adult (5).
13. Former railwaymen turned commercial gentlemen (9).
14. Certain about clip being undone in garment (8).
17. The dramatist, so we hear, is to be a vocalist (5).
19. Nothing I started was prepared to work smoothly (5).
20. On this side the birds are found in reservoirs (8).
22. Postponement to take the excitement out? (9).
25. The girl to thwart her father (5).
27. Liberal manners in beastly places (5).
28. No singers take part in this bewitching sound (5, 4).
29. 'So full of ugly ——, of ghastly dreams' (*King Richard III*) (6).
30. A friend may give this dance with a weapon (8).

DOWN

1. Penniless vagrants would return well dressed (6).
2. Ammunition for a canon (5).
3. Stole away as the child slept (9).
4. Author included in the story on general grounds (5).
6. Keen but middle-aged (5).
7. No man wrongly holding sport to be play (9).
8. Support round the end for a column (8).
9. Those who try to seduce a politician in queer street (8).
15. Make the plug fit in so that it is inspiring (9).
16. Population growth in mixed races in the East (8).
17. Rubbish with tears in the middle (9).
18. The seniors enter colleges – they are very accommodating! (8).
21. 'I should have been a pair of —•— claws' (Eliot) (6).
23. In spite of failures I try to take it again (5).
24. Animal which shows its chest in an expression of gratitude (5).
26. Warm-hearted picture (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1150



Prizewinners to No 1150

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John S. Hanker (Saltdean)

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ROYAL COURT, 730 1745. Eves 8, Sats 5 & 8.30. James Bolam, Jane Asher & Stephen Moore in Christopher Hampton's play 'Treats'. 'Sensational . . .' S.T. 'Very funny . . .' Observer.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR, 95 61107. 'The Grass is Greener' by Hugh and Margaret Williams.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB, To 21 Feb. Wedekind's 'Spring Awakening'. From 27 Feb. in repertory, Moliere's 'The School for Wives', Sir John Vanbrugh's 'The Relapse'. *Details: RADA, 62 Gower Street, WC1. 636 7076.*

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt. Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Satirical prints on politics, manners & dress by Daumier, Gavarni, Gillray, Cruickshank, Heath etc.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1. Constable. Until 25 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 11.30-6. Adm. 50p. Season Ticket £1.20. Schoolchildren, students, pensioners, half price.

ST JAMES'S ANTIQUES FAIR, next week the Piccadilly Hotel, London W1. Mon.-Fri. 23-27 Feb., 11-8 dly. Open 2.30 first day.

Entertainments

COLLEGIATE, 15 Gordon St, Euston, WC1. 734 8508. In aid of The Other Cinema's Fund Raising. Wed. 25 Feb. at 7 p.m. Kevin Brownlow & Andrew Mollo's 'Winstanley'; 9 p.m. Jean-Luc Godard's 'Number Two'. Separate performances.

Poetry

NATIONAL POETRY CENTRE, 21 Earls Court Sq., SW5. 20 Feb. Small Presses Festival, cont. 21 Feb. 2-6 p.m. Book Sale & readings every hour on the hour. 7.30 James Simmons, Colin Simms & Chris Torrance. Fri. 27 Feb. George Buchanan.

POETRY COMPETITION
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Meetings

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: *'Rationality in Politics' will be given* by Professor T. W. Grage (Univ. Copenhagen) on 26 February 1976 at the London School of Economics (Old Theatre), Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2 at 5 p.m. *Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.*

JOSHUA HORN MEMORIAL MEETING, Friday, 27 February at The Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2, 7.30 p.m. The film 'Away with all Pests' on his work in China, will also be shown.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A Course of *Three Lectures entitled: 'Three Palaeographical Problems'* will be given by Mr M. B. Parkes (Keble College, Oxford) at King's College (Room 3B20), Strand, WC2. Lecture 1: 'The Handwriting of St Boniface' on 24 February 1976, Lecture II: 'The dating of the Digby MS of the *Chanson de Roland*' on 2 March 1976, and Lecture III: 'The mise-en-page of the Canterbury Tales in the Ellesmere MS' on 9 March 1976. Admission free, without ticket, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A lecture entitled: 'Bilingualism in Finland' will be given by Professor Carl-Eric Thors (Univ. Helsinki) on 26 February 1976 at University College (Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre), Gower Street, WC1 at 5.30 p.m. Admision free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 24 Feb. 'Another Fine Mess' (Laurel and Hardy film); 26 Feb. 'Nietzsche and the Idea of Metaphor' by Professor J. P. Stern.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The John Coffin Memorial Lecture in 1976 entitled: 'Origins of the Metalliferous Ores in Relation to Exploitation' will be given by Sir Kingsley Dunham FRS (Lately Director of the Institute of Geological Sciences) on 4 March 1976, at Chelsea College (Main Hall), College House, Manresa Road, SW3 at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: A course of two lectures will be given by Professor Robert Weimann (East Germany) on 5 March and 8 March 1976, at King's College (Room 3B20), Strand, WC2. Lecture I (5 March): 'The Concept of Tradition Reconsidered', and Lecture II (8 March): 'The Decline of the Elizabethan "Scene indivisable".' Both lectures will take place at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

AFRICA CENTRE, 38 King St WC2. 836 1973. 'The White Pumpkin': talk by Denis Hills, author of this controversial book. Tues. 24 Feb. 6.30 p.m. 'USA and Southern Africa': talk by Stephen McDonald, seconded from State Dept. Wed. 25 Feb. 6.30 p.m. Admission: 40p, Students 25p.

YOUNG FABIAN GROUP, George Cunningham MP, to talk on 'Can Parliament Work?'. Tues. 24 Feb. 7.30. 11 Dartmouth St, WC1.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Judith Hart on the present situation in Chile. 7.30 25 Feb. 5-7 Tavistock Place, WC1. Collection. All welcome.

HANSFORD-MILLER, ENP, with SNP Chairman, Dixon Halls, Glasgow, 20 Feb. 7.30; Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, 21 Feb. 7.30.

'EXPLORING RELIGION in a Plural Society': Prof. Ninian Smart. Sun. 22 Feb. 11 a.m. Sunday Forum Sun. 22 Feb. 3 p.m. 'Terrorism and Kidnapping': Brig. Calvert. Tuesday Discussion on theme 'Justice, Law and Freedom' Tues. 24 Feb. 7 p.m. Debate: 'That the Law Mocks Justice and Should be called to Account'. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq., London WC1. 01-242 8032/3.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL
TOM MBOYA MEMORIAL
LECTURE
Rt Hon.
DAVID ENNALS MP
'Southern Africa in Crisis'
Chairman: Professor Kirkwood
Buxton Hall, Ruskin College, Oxford
Wednesday, 3 March 1976
4.30 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE

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SATURDAY, 21 February, at 7.45 p.m.

BACH: Cantata 126 'Erhalt' uns, Herr, bei deinen wort'
MOZART: Mass in C minor K.139
BACH: Cantata 181 'Leichtgesinnte Flattergeister'
GLASSER: A Choral Entertainment 'The Chameleon and the Lizard'

Soloists: **Wendy Eathorne, Paul Esswood, Ian Partridge, Ian Caddy**
Leslie Pearson (Organ)

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Conductor: **Paul Steinitz**

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ISLINGTON FABIANS, Wed. 25 Feb. 8 p.m. 'Rates'. 295 Upper Street, N1. Cllr M. de Wever and J. Ward.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 21 Feb. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 24 Feb. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 25 Feb. 6.30 p.m.—'Mahayana Buddhism' & Theravada Buddhism'—two separate Study & Discussion Groups. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY. Public Talk & Questions. Sun. 22 Feb. 8 p.m. Free. 'Cycles of Psychism'. S.a.e. for programme, book list & literature. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, London W2 3AL.

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